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The Week

IN SPAIN, hostilities remained indecisive, while in the cloud of dust and smoke rising over the Peninsula appeared the vague but horrible features of a general European crisis, created by German and Italian aid to the aggression of the Spanish fascists. . . . Meanwhile the powers strove to extricate themselves from the toils of former crises. Britain did her best to conciliate Germany and Italy so that the long-expected conference of Locarno nations might be held to discuss what could be substituted for Locarno. Anthony Eden, replying to a questioner in Parliament, stated that in view of a possible new agreement to keep the peace, Britain had not objected to Germany's new violation of the Versailles Treaty by fortification of Heligoland in the North Sea. Britain also sought to placate Italy by terminating her promises to aid Greece and Turkey if they should be attacked. Nevertheless, any new Locarno still seemed a long way off. . . . Authorities in the Soviet Union announced that henceforth, in view of the threat of war, they would intensify their effort to be self-contained, would buy as little as possible abroad, so conserving their supply of gold and foreign exchange, and would accept foreign credits only from governments with whom they were friendly, and at reduced rates. Subsequently Anglo-Russian friendship was emphasized by announcement of a new long-term credit of £10,000,000 at 5½ percent.

THE most important domestic news of the week concerns labor. As we go to press, the A.F. of L. Executive Council is still trying to decide whether to suspend the 40 percent of the Federation's membership comprised by the C.I.O. . . . The campaign drags on to the accompaniment of an intense boredom on the part of all except active partisans. Six Democratic Governors from coast to coast answered Mr. Landon's acceptance speech in a radio broadcast. Mr. Knox astonished the country by accepting the vice-presidential nomination—in a speech which was said to be sprightly but in substance achieved no more originality than to declare that the government had been run at a deficit and that this campaign was a fight for private enterprise. Father Coughlin, tired of calling Mr. Roosevelt a liar, called him a Communist again. For a man whose political stock-in-trade consists in calling names, he is singularly uninventive. . . . Of more interest, but equally melancholy, is continued news of the drought. Fully half the corn crop is ruined. A dispute is raging as to whether the year will see a world-wide shortage of wheat; Secretary Wallace still maintains there is no reason to anticipate increased prices of bread. Enlarged slaughter of cattle may reduce meat prices for a while, with higher ones to follow next year. (Meanwhile the Soviet Union has succeeded in so increasing her production of meat animals that state requisitions from collective farms are being sharply cut.)

THE political sympathies of the American press have been interestingly revealed by the war in Spain. The Spanish government is a workers' republic based on democratic principles; the rebellion is that of monarchists and reactionaries who would return to a Spain of poverty, illiteracy, and merciless exploitation of the workers in the factory or on the farm. Remembering how the American government was founded and the principles to which we have

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expressed allegiance ever since, one would suppose as a matter of course that Americans would favor the Republicans, yet a glance at a few leading newspapers will show how wide of the mark this supposition is. There is an amazing amount of covert sympathy with the rebels, which, in the Hearst press, becomes partisanship so violent that Mr. Hearst's readers see the fascist adventurers as angels who have overthrown the devilish government not merely once but at least ten times. Mr. Hearst is a law to himself, and with his vagaries we need not be greatly concerned. Some other and more responsible journals which lean the same way give silent testimony to the tightening of class lines and the sharpening of the internal conflict here at home: in any quarrel anywhere in the world American sympathies are now divided in accordance with attitudes toward what is roughly the same struggle in the United States.

NEWS of the Spanish developments themselves has been singularly unreliable. For two weeks northern rebel headquarters have reported that they would take Madrid within a day or two. Again and again they have "captured" the passes in the mountains and are about to shell the capital or cut off its water—refraining only because a southern column is expected to aid them from the other side, or because they don't want to cause unnecessary destruction. On one day they are only fifteen miles away, on the next they have succeeded in penetrating to thirty miles away. The government, on its side, refrains from announcing any completely false stories of victory, but continually has declared that it has won the war and that it needs only to mop up. Military necessity of course requires that both sides put on a bold front. Judicious readers try to piece the news together and make up their own minds how things are going. It is noticeable, however, how the Hearst and other reactionary newspapers in the United States always play up the most improbable stories of rebel successes, completely ignoring the proved unreliability of news from the same sources on previous days. This well serves the purpose of Spanish fascists, militarists and monarchists, who would quickly lose necessary support both abroad and at home if their cause were once thought hopeless.

STUDENTS of our society will find plenty to think about in the purchase of The Philadelphia Inquirer by Mr. Moses L. Annenberg. The Inquirer, the oldest paper in Philadelphia, with a circulation weekdays of 275,000 and Sundays of 600,000, now falls into the hands of a former Hearst circulation manager, who is chiefly known to fame as the publisher of Daily Racing Form, a racetrack tipsters' sheet which appears simultaneously in eight cities. He denies that he is buying the paper on behalf of Mr. Hearst, but in all publishing principles the two undoubtedly see eye to eye. Several hundred thousand Philadelphia homes will henceforth view the world through the eyes of Mr. Annenberg, a man whose vision is bounded, if we may judge his future by his past, by more and bigger race tracks, black reaction in all political and social affairs, and a general level of intelligence substantially below that of a thirteen-year-old. Nobody can estimate the harm a man like Annenberg can do, year by year, to a city like Philadelphia. True, he is by no means the worst of American publishers; and true, he bought the paper on the open market for a good round sum. We are not blaming Mr. Annenberg particularly; we are merely noticing the crazy civilization that puts such vast power into the hands of anybody who can get together enough money. From the long-time point of view, it would be far more sensible to give a machine gun to a child of six and encourage him to turn loose with it at high noon, in a crowded street.

FEDERAL Judge William Clark of Newark, New Jersey, had some rather pointed things to say last week about the flagrantly anti-labor attitude of the judiciary in Camden. "It is very unwise," he declared, "to attempt to use the courts in a labor dispute, to try to make them take sides, regardless of merit. I think that this was done in Camden." What prompted Judge Clark to speak so critically was the strikebreaking role played by the courts in Camden during the strike at the R.C.A.-Victor manufacturing plant, when they forced some 125 strike sympathizers to remain in jail under exorbitant bail, ranging in amount as high as $20,000 per individual and aggregating well over $1,000,000. These cases were discussed in some detail in last week's issue of The New Republic, and it is heartening to find a noted federal judge viewing the situation in the same light. The issue came before Judge Clark on the habeas-corpus appeals of three strike sympathizers, among them Powers Hapgood, a representative of the Committee for Industrial Organization. Hapgood had been charged with rioting and held in bail of $5,000. Judge Clark reduced his bail to $100 and observed that there was "not a shred of evidence of rioting." Bail in the other cases was likewise reduced, as being excessive. It is not without interest to note that Judge Clark made the headlines with his statement that the courts should not take sides against labor. Apparently when a judge takes such a stand it is a rare enough occurrence to constitute news. Could there be a more devastating commentary on our courts than that?

IT APPEARS that Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard news chain, has taken to himself the task of demolishing the American Newspaper Guild. In a 3,000-word statement issued last week to the editorial employees on his New York World-Telegram he declares that "The World-Telegram cannot further discuss or sign any contract with any unit of the American Newspaper Guild." Mr. Howard insists, of course, that he believes in collective bargaining—as do all employers when making pub-

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lic pronouncements—but he reveals his true feelings in unmistakable fashion, as do most employers sooner or later. For in defense of his opposition to the Guild he accuses the Guild of a number of policies that, to put it charitably, are merely products of his imagination. At its last convention the Guild went on record as favoring independent political action, and this, according to Mr. Howard, represents an attempt to dictate the political line-up of its members. The Guild's constitution assures complete freedom of opinion to all members, but Mr. Howard takes the extraordinary position that "even suggestion by the Guild to its members of any political or other dogma" bars the Guild from any possibility of getting a signed contract. In similar fashion, Mr. Howard sets up a series of straw men —that the Guild is attempting to dictate to publishers what persons shall be hired, that it threatens independent journalism, and so on. These charges are absurd and cannot be supported by anything the Guild has ever done. Yet Mr. Howard has circulated his statement among other publishers, with the result that the Guild is now meeting with an apparent united front of publishers in New York City—all of them parroting Mr. Howard.

THE long and bitter strike of the marble workers against the Vermont Marble Company has been settled without much gain to the workers but without destruction for their organization, which was the principal objective of the obdurate employer. An increase of two cents an hour for unskilled workers, offered by the company while the strike was in progress, is confirmed. Men are to be taken back as needed, without discrimination on account of union membership. Those guilty of violence are barred from employment. If any dispute arises over these terms, it is to be a subject of negotiation between the company and representatives of the men, with federal arbitration as a final resort. Thus there is at least a shadow of genuine collective bargaining. The union and its sympathizers, however, still have a fight on their hands in the defense of strike victims. Five men are in state prison, after conviction by what is believed to have been an unconstitutional procedure, and others may yet be haled before the courts by a hostile state's attorney who, while pretending to be a friend of the strikers, did his best to betray them.

FOUNDATIONS for an effective international youth movement were laid at the recent congress in Oxford, England, of the International Federation of Socialist Students. The Federation recognized the principle that students themselves can not constitute an autonomous political body and brought out the need for contact with the organized working-class movement. By a vote of 23 to 6 the Socialist Federation voted to unite with the International Commission of Communist Students. Resolutions advocating sympathy with and active aid for the nationalistic aims of colonial peoples held in subjection by imperialist powers were adopted unanimously. The congress agreed upon the necessity for collaboration with non-Socialist students in colonial countries. The attitude of the French delegation in arguing against "any defense of a bourgeois government even though it be in alliance with the Soviet Union" and against any coöperation with the League of Nations prevented the adoption of an effective anti-war resolution. The congress was attended by sixty delegates representing twelve different countries. The unity achieved by the Socialist and Communist students was regarded as perhaps the outstanding development of the congress. Joseph P. Lash, heading the American delegation as a representative of the American Student Union, worked strenuously for a further broadening of the base of international coöperation and the dropping of some of the more doctrinaire revolutionary phrases from the program of the Federation, but he was unsuccessful in getting sufficient moderation to make it possible for the American Student Union to affiliate. Perhaps this development will come next year.

CARBONDALE, Illinois, furnishes a heartening instance of how organized public opinion prevented the installation of military training in the local high school. A military-minded member of the school board conceived the project, the Lions Club endorsed it and under the spell of a pep talk by a U. S. Army officer the eligible students voted overwhelmingly in favor of it. Communications were sent to the War Department and a new unit of the R.O.T.C. was about to be set up when the Ministerial Association heard of the plan and decided to organize the opposition. The Chamber of Commerce voted 29 to 7 to endorse the military unit, but the ministers, led by Reverend C. N. Sharpe of the Presbyterian Church, kept on trying. Gradually they were joined by such groups as the local branch of the American Association of University Women, the executive board of the Women's Club, the League of Women Voters and a number of students and faculty members of the Southern Illinois State Teachers' College. Eventually they forced the school board to hold a general referendum. In spirited voting that aroused the interest of the entire citizenship, it was decided, by 442 to 327, that Carbondale Community High School should not mix militarism with education.

GLOATING over something that is about to die is usually considered bad form (in non-fascist countries, at least) but there is one approaching demise that fills us with practically no sorrow. The theatrical weekly, Variety, currently reports that the radio program of the Fleischmann Yeast company is about to be withdrawn and that next winter the mellifluous thorax, larynx and sinus regions of Mr. Hubert Prior Vallee will vibrate in praise of the products of another sponsor. We have no quarrel with the art of Mr. Vallee or its devotees, but we

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feel a profound disgust for the advertising tactics of his present sponsor. Fleischmann's Yeast is not put forward as a general toner-upper of the alimentary canal, as of yore. The sales angle now is that it will remove pimples in adolescents. This theme is iterated and reiterated with such nauseous explicitness that even hardened adults grow uneasy as the hour wears on. The effect, upon already miserably self-conscious adolescents, of this "Why are you never invited to dances?" and "Girls don't like boys with bumps on their necks" kind of copy must be nothing short of harrowing. There seems to be some ultimate residue of decency among radio listeners themselves that revolts at such tactics. The Fleischmann program, for five years one of the outstanding successes in radio, is being withdrawn, according to the account in Variety, because it no longer sells sufficient quantities of yeast.

TWO items have come into our hands that indicate pretty well the form fascist propaganda of the cruder type is taking in this country, and, more disturbing, how widespread it is. From San Diego, California, a correspondent has sent us a hand-bill that was left in his automobile there. The well printed little sheet says that the Lindbergh kidnaping notes were signed with symbols which "prove definitely that the kidnaping was part of the Communist plot," being the sign "of the 'Illuminati,' secret intelligentsia Communist group, which instigated the French Revolution and every Revolution since." It concludes: "Until this Judo-Communist gang is exterminated there will be no safety for any Gentile child in the United States." The other item is simply a small square sticker bearing a picture of a Jewish face, encircled with the words "By buying here you help the communism." The correspondent who sends it from Washington, D. C., says that the group which had this printed intends to paste such stickers on all non-Nordic store fronts, but is, as yet, afraid to start. Such material is no longer novel, of course, but these bits show in particularly concentrated form certain features that mark Hitler's propaganda in Germany, the identification of Jews with Communists, the accusation of this group as criminals of the worst sort and the visual portrayal of the hated type. Also, they imply an important feature sometimes overlooked, sources of funds with which to print and distribute such vicious material.

IN THE "Balance Sheet of the New Deal," published as a supplement to our issue of June 10, the editors commented upon the Securities and Exchange Commission. The highly condensed form of statement that was there necessary has led to a complaint that full justice was not done to the Commission. We said "The Commission has the great power of scrutiny, or surveillance, or investigation. . . . Up to now it has not made an extensive use of its powers. . . . The Commission has proceeded against three large houses for market manipulation. But the investigations are so long that they prove merely that such investigations are almost impossible." It is claimed that the S.E.C. has made many other investigations and obtained about 200 injunctions against companies and individuals. The statement made by us was entirely correct. It is quite true that the Commission has made many investigations and obtained many injunctions against various persons for fraud and other reasons. But our statement referred entirely to stock exchanges. The paragraph complained of began with the words "In the case of stock exchanges, etc." And the three cases we referred to were for stock-exchange manipulation. This of course had nothing to do with investigations of over-the-counter houses, blue-sky brokers and violations under the Securities Act of 1933. It is in these latter fields that the great number of injunctions have been secured by the Commission.

World War in Spain

THE Spanish civil war has produced a crisis in European affairs that ranks with those arising from Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia and Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland. Its result will closely affect the interests of the great nations that may be lined up against one another in a future war; this fact threatens present intervention which might precipitate the international conflict.

The Spanish fascists, in their attack upon the Republic, are supported not merely by the sympathy but also by the active and realistic interest of the Italian and German dictatorships. London suspects that Italian aid has been purchased by a promise of the rebels to grant Italy a naval base in the Balearic Islands, if they are successful. This would threaten Britain's communications in the Mediterranean even more seriously than did Italy's gains in the Ethiopian war. There is also a fear that German support of the Spanish fascists has been bought by promise of a naval base in the Canary Islands. This would menace the sea route down the west coast of Africa, which is important not only for trade purposes but for naval ones if the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal should be closed. How necessary this alternative route is regarded by Great Britain is shown by her recent decision to enlarge fortifications in South Africa. Aside from these possibilities, Britain's command of the Straits of Gibraltar would be seriously compromised by an unfriendly Spanish government.

France's interest in preventing a fascist dictatorship at her back door, closely allied with Italy and Germany both in feeling and by virtue of a debt for past favors, is equally obvious. As long as France herself remains democratic and socialist in tendency, such a development would be disheartening, to say the least. Of course French monarchists and fascists would welcome it, for the same reasons that Italy and Germany would do so. The balance of power

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in Europe is now so delicate between the tendency to fascism and that toward popular government that a victory for one or the other in Spain might have incalculable consequences, far beyond the obvious and immediate ones. Premier Blum's popular-front government is therefore under the strongest pressure to aid the Spanish government forces. Of course Soviet Russia regards the conflict as a crucial step in the development of the world situation; Soviet trade unions have voted a large contribution. And we must not overlook the inevitable influence of the outcome in South America, where Spanish cultural prestige is always important.

As the issue of the war trembles in the balance, the aid given either side from abroad is probably of decisive importance. Not merely the amount but the promptitude of such assistance counts heavily. In this matter the fascist dictatorships, if apparently authentic reports are true, have followed their usual course of acting first and talking afterwards. Italian planes, their identification marks painted out, manned by Italian army officers, have arrived at the Moroccan rebel headquarters, after losing three of their number in French territory on the way. German planes and aviators are also reported both there and in Spain proper. Rebel troops are wearing German helmets. A German warship forestalled a Spanish bombardment of Ceuta by steaming back and forth in the harbor. How much more assistance is being supplied nobody knows. Meanwhile the French government, conscious of the delicacy of the situation and fearful of the results if the powers line up on opposite sides of this conflict, has forbidden exports of munitions to either party, and has asked England and Italy to do the same. While France and Britain hesitate, the battle of their natural allies may be lost. On this account the French policy may change suddenly, if satisfactory assurances are not promptly obtained from Italy.

The outcome of aid to the opposing armies in the Spanish war by the potential enemies of the European Continent may easily be a spreading of the conflict. Official neutrality, even in relation to civil war, is much more difficult now than in former years. In the old days a government could pretend at least to keep its hands off by pleading that aid to the fighting forces was merely the private business of its citizens. But now nothing can be done by banks, by munitions manufacturers, by steamship or airplane owners, or even by labor organizations in Italy, Germany and Russia without at least the connivance of the government. France has nationalized her munitions industry. Any aid means governmental assistance. If France and England start fighting against Italy and Germany on the Spanish peninsula, what is to prevent them from fighting elsewhere as well?

In this case, as in the previous aggressions, the fascist tactics are those of blackmail based on their opponents' fear of war. Italy and Germany take the aggressive, defying the peace-seeking nations to oppose them, by the threat, express or implied, that effective opposition will mean open war. If this attitude succeeds, the fascists win their limited objective, which strengthens them for the next advance. After enough such advances, they will be ready for the general conflict. The Spanish people are heroically trying to beat off their own oppressors. But, in addition, Spain is at the moment the battleground of the reactionary versus the progressive forces of the entire world.

Landon on Labor

MR. LANDON has not yet replied, either directly or indirectly, to the open letter addressed to him by The New Republic asking him to state his position about the two conflicts of the steel industry with the public interest—the practice of monopolistic price-fixing, and the employers' fight against organized labor. But in a letter to Norman Thomas he has attempted to clarify his position with regard to labor's right to organize in general. Mr. Thomas had asked him whether his endorsement of the Republican platform's declaration about collective bargaining—which is substantially the same as that habitually used by the steel and other anti-union employers—did not in fact mean a denial of the right of labor unions actively to promote organization.

In reply, Mr. Landon states his belief in free speech and free assembly. These, he says, involve the right of workers to meet either among themselves or with anyone else to promote organization, and the right of a union "by lawful and proper means" to promote organization of an unorganized industry, including the right to send in an organizer. These rights, he asserts, should be protected. As an instance of what he conceives to be the proper action, he cites what he did when he sent state troops into Cherokee County, Kansas, in June and July, 1935, to police a strike. The troops were instructed to disarm all armed civilians, including the armed guards employed by the smelter and mine operators, as well as any on the labor side. Armed guards who had been deputized were forced to give up their commissions, and were not allowed to carry arms off the property where they were employed as watchmen. Gunmen from other states were forced to stay out of Kansas. The troops were ordered not to interfere with strike meetings, picketing or other activities of the strikers, "so long as they were peaceably conducted."

Mr. Landon deserves full credit for views which, if we did not know what had happened in many strikes, we should expect as a matter of course to be held by any executive pledged to uphold the federal or any state Constitution. It is a common practice for employers to import armed guards or to arm local ones, and to have them made deputy sheriffs or constables. It is a common practice for meetings and picket lines to be broken up by these guards, or even to be forbidden by local public

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officials. These outrageous interferences with constitutionally guaranteed liberties are a regular part of the strikebreaking technique, and labor is entitled to their abolition. One may question whether the duty of abolishing them and administering justice in such a delicate situation is properly to be entrusted to National Guard officers. Certainly it would be unwise to police every strike with troops. But if troops must be called out, instructions like these are better than those often issued.

Nevertheless it does not seem to us that Mr. Landon has answered Mr. Thomas' question. Labor, he says in effect, has a right to civil liberty in the attempt to organize. But he does not say whether he favors unionization as a general principle. He does not touch upon some of the main obstacles to labor organization—which are, refusal by employers to deal with genuine unions, intimidation of employees by discharge or denial of promotion for union activities, interference with independent organization by employer-dominated company unions. Does Mr. Landon approve of these things, or disapprove of them, and if he disapproves, what does he think federal or state governments should do about it? Or does he remain impartial, on the theory that the government should do nothing but hold the ring?

The federal government has not in fact remained impartial on the question of the right to collective bargaining. First with labor laws relating to the railroad industry, then with the N.I.R.A. in regard to industry in general, and finally with the Wagner Act, it has laid down and tried to administer certain principles. Interference by the employer, in any of the above ways, with the process of labor organization is definitely forbidden. If there is a question whether the workers want to be represented through a company union or a legitimate one, a governmentally supervised election is ordered to find out. Big employers throughout the country openly flout this legislation. They refuse to reinstate employees discharged for union activity; they continue to support company unions; they decline to hold elections or to abide by their results if held. About these issues revolves the opposition of big business to the labor policies of the present administration. This is the sort of issue on which it is important to know Mr. Landon's opinion.

Until he declares it, we are justified in assuming that he, like the anti-union corporations, opposes the existing efforts of government to safeguard the right of collective bargaining, free from interference by employers. And let it be noted that on this question one cannot really be impartial. For if no effort is exerted to curb the employers' intimidation through discharge and otherwise, the worker who wants to organize remains under an immense handicap. Official lack of cognizance of the issue of labor disputes, outside the mere guarantee of free speech and assembly—important as that guarantee is—leaves the dominant power and the legal advantage with the owner of the means of production.

The French Left Goes to Work

IN THE public mind the experiment embarked upon by the People's Front in France has recently been overshadowed by the more spectacular moves of the fascist diplomats in the international arena. And yet the outcome of this experiment will have a determining influence on the character of any future development in Europe.

The Blum Cabinet has now been in power for about two months. Contrary to the tradition of parliamentary governments, this Cabinet made an honest effort to carry out its electoral promises. In the great wave of strikes that shook France at the beginning of June, it resolutely took the side of the workers and enacted the most advanced labor legislation in any capitalist country. During recent weeks the People's Front majority in Parliament has also accomplished the reform of the Bank of France, and passed bills providing for a partial nationalization of the war industries. The Bank of France will not be nationalized for the present; it still is operated for the benefit of its stockholders; but its operations, from now on, will be under strict government control. In the past, the Bank has always been a dangerous stumbling block for all Leftist governments; now it will be a flexible instrument of their financial policies.

These measures (and several others that are less important, like the reform of the judiciary, the prolongation of scholarity, etc.) represent a notable advance towards the consolidation of democracy that was the chief aim of the People's Front movement. But they are still far from sufficient. The possibility of a reaction still exists.

So far as immediate future is in question, the threat of a Fascist coup must be considered as eliminated. The Fascist Leagues are dissolved. Their principal leader, Colonel de la Rocque, is completely discredited and his return to a position of leadership is improbable. The activity of the reactionary elements manifests itself in other directions. Several "new" parties have been formed. The most important seems to be that of Doriot, a former Communist leader who has been excluded from the party for insubordination and whose French Popular Party now groups the remnants of the dissolved leagues. Doriot's principal theme of agitation is that "Stalin wants to launch France against Germany in order to save Russia," and his activities have been enthusiastically endorsed by the entire Rightist press, including the Royalists. Another group, active among the more moderate elements, is the Franco-German Committee, wherein a few politicians and writers (among the former, Laval and Frot) agitate for a pro-German orientation of France's foreign policy. Thus far, these groups have had little real influence, but they are considered by their adherents to be potential rallying centers for

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the general opposition against the People's Front.

The press of the Right carries on a shrewd campaign aimed to disrupt the Left majority by detaching from it the Radical Socialists. Indefatigably, this press stresses the conflict between the interests of the workers and the middle classes and at every turn speaks of the Communist dictatorship over the People's Front. The Right simultaneously warns against inflation and, through one of its spokesmen, Paul Reynaud, agitates for it. It hopes to utilize for its own purposes the crisis that would accompany devaluation and the discontent that would follow it. Paul Reynaud attacks Blum on the ground that his economic measures and firm stand against inflation "really" help the "200 families," as the small enterprises cannot withstand the strain of a labor legislation that provides for a forty-hour week and paid vacations.

This virulent campaign has not succeeded in disrupting the People's Front, whose unity has again been demonstrated by the gigantic manifestations of Bastille Day. Moreover, the Left circles are acutely aware of the importance of the problem presented by the future of the middle classes. Blum's economic and financial experts are actively engaged in seeking a solution. The People's Front Cabinet recently passed a series of laws destined to relieve the small farmers. These laws create a permanent "office of grain" *(Office National du Blé)* that will grant cash advances on crops and maintain the prices of wheat on a reasonable level. Other measures are still to come. Vincent Auriol, the Socialist Finance Minister, has announced that the budget of 1937, to be presented in October, will take into special consideration the needs of small enterprises. The abolition of the unpopular turnover tax, the extension of credits to small entrepreneurs and increasing income taxes on high revenues are among the measures envisaged.

The preoccupation with the future of the middle classes is also at the basis of the Communist tactics. During the recent strikes the Communists opposed plans aiming at a permanent occupation of the factories by the workers. They feared that an acceleration of the workers' movement would lead to their isolation. The Communists insist that the only threat to order comes from fascism, and declare themselves to be for a strong middle class acting in unity with the proletariat against the financial oligarchy. Their campaigns are carried on under the slogan: *"pour une France libre, forte et heureuse."* As loyal members of the People's Front, they limit themselves to the role of being its most dynamic element, and there is no doubt that if its unity is still solid, thanks are due to the Communists' flexible strategy.

The most difficult problem facing the French Left government lies in its foreign policy. The previous Cabinets, by encouraging Mussolini and playing an ambiguous game with regard to England, have weakened France's position. Rightists and Fascists offer to the average Frenchmen the bait of an understanding with Germany, which, they say, will always be hostile to a Leftist France; and in contrast to the hesitations that mark the foreign policies of democratic countries they point to the recent triumphs of fascist diplomacy. It is undeniable that, so far, Blum has not succeeded in formulating a clear and energetic line in foreign affairs. But is a strong attitude in external questions possible at all, before a greater internal unity is achieved?

While the majority of Frenchmen are actually behind the People's Front, the Rightists still occupy important positions in the foreign service, the army and the colonial administration. Thus, General Victor Denain, former minister of air under Laval, and friend of Colonel de la Rocque, is now commander in chief of the French air force in North Africa; and the all-important embassies in Berlin, Rome and London are still held by notorious Fascist sympathizers. The present rulers of France, if they really want to consolidate democracy, must, together with an intelligent economic and social program, undertake a thoroughgoing reorganization of these services. This work of democratization demands, in the present circumstances, a great deal of tact and caution. That it is urgent was demonstrated recently when serious disorders, instigated by Fascist elements with the complicity of the local authorities, broke out in French Africa.

The civil war in Spain, started by reactionary generals against the majority of the Spanish people, will undoubtedly give a new impetus to those who, in France, advocate the democratization of the nation's essential governmental bodies. It is to be hoped that these forces in France will succeed. Not only the future of democratic liberties, but the peace of Europe is at stake. A disunited France—and thanks to the People's Front, French unity is no longer possible outside of democracy—would be the greatest encouragement for the aggressive designs of its fascist neighbors. If anything can still avert the imminent catastrophe, it is a strong and resolutely democratic France that will be able to group around her the other European democracies.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Liberty Bill Lemke

IT IS easy to throw ideological brickbats at the new Union Party. Those aimed at Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith are justified. But it seems to me that caution should be used in heaving missiles at "Liberty Bill" Lemke, the Union Party's candidate for President. Mr. Lemke has the backing of the Farmers' Union and nearly every other militant, left-wing farmers' group in the Northwest. He is the leader and prophet of the thousands of Western farmers and farm tenants who feel that they have had less than "justice" from Mr. Roosevelt's farm program—who feel, rightly or wrongly, that it has been twisted to benefit the food-processors and farm mortgage-holders. If a Farmer-Labor Party is to be created before 1940, the farmer half of it must come principally from Mr. Lemke's followers.

Pro-labor writers of the East have complained that the Union Party's platform has an ominous, fascist sound, and that it reeks of property-mindedness. Certainly it does. Northwestern farmers are the most passionate advocates of private property in the country. The farmer's possessiveness about his land may be deplorable, but it is a political fact and one that will have to be recognized before a real Farmer-Labor Party can exist.

Outside of his own Northwest, Mr. Lemke is largely unknown. It is gratuitously assumed that he is the bound and helpless captive of Father Coughlin. Mr. Lemke's old Non-Partisan League associates, however, regard such an assumption as absurd. They consider Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and the Reverend Mr. Smith to be political children, dilettantes of the purest innocence. They privately assert that Mr. Lemke will dominate the Union Party and dictate its strategy and policies.

Can they be believed? Is the Union Party a movement that deserves tolerance, or is it wholly disastrous? Certainly within recent weeks Mr. Lemke has made astonishing departures from his Non-Partisan League traditions. He has, for example, seemingly endorsed the Reverend Mr. Smith's proposal to enlist a youth corps—a scheme apparently copied from Hitler's brownshirts. At the Townsend convention in Cleveland, he declared himself "one-hundred-percent for" old-age revolving pensions, although he almost certainly disbelieves in their economic feasibility. Mr. Lemke's associates attempt to excuse such acts by pointing out that he has to have the support of the Townsendites if he is to make any sort of a showing. They say his ends—which are to attract national attention to the farmers' wrongs—more than justify a momentary recourse to dubious means.

Mr. Lemke's claim to be taken seriously by left-wing opinion rests on his long record in the farm movement. He will be fifty-eight this month, and all his life has been spent in the Northwest. In his speeches, he delights to tell how in 1882, when he was four, his family trekked across the North Dakota plains, with the family possessions piled in two oxcarts, one driven by his father, one by his mother. This was five years before the rails of the Great Northern reached Minot, North Dakota, and only ten years after the massacre of Custer's men on the Little Big Horn. Life was hard, dangerous and simple in Lemke's childhood.

His frontier upbringing has left a definite impress on Mr. Lemke's personality. In my opinion it has served to make him emotionally dead to the whole social-service side of the New Deal. He is as caustic as any Eastern Tory about boondoggling. He himself has worked ten and twelve hours a day during most of his life, and thinks people ought to work hard. Apparently he regards a considerable part of the New Deal—for example, the W.P.A. recreational projects—as sissy. On the other hand, his frontier origin has given him an acute sense of personal dignity and worth, and a hatred of injustice. Unmoved by long hours and laborious toil, he objects violently if the farmer is not given a "just" price by the commission merchant, or the factory worker a "just" wage by his employer. He is convinced that there is no height to which the farmer or factory worker cannot raise his standard of living, provided he can obtain his "rights" from the economically powerful.

Lemke put himself through the University of North Dakota, and, despite his slight build, played on the football team. In successive years, J. F. T. O'Connor, former Comptroller of the Currency, Lemke, and Lynn J. Frazier, present Senator, were managers of the team. One event of his college years seems to have deeply colored his subsequent career. With a group of other young men, he conceived a plan for emigrating to Mexico. North Dakota had become settled; they wished to strike out into new lands, as their fathers had done twenty years earlier. Eventually the group acquired a concession in the state of Sinaloa. Like most projects of the kind, it was a mixture of idealism and greediness. The young men intended to create a model community, and also to get rich.

After graduation, Lemke went East to Yale Law School, an ambitious step for a friendless North Dakota farm boy. He took his degree in 1905, practised a few years in Fargo, married, and then set out for the promised land of Sinaloa. He ran head on into the revolution that overthrew old Porfirio Diaz, took sick with smallpox and had a generally disastrous time. Like most American concessionaires, Lemke became a partisan of De la

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Huerta, and, when Woodrow Wilson declined to recognize De la Huerta, Lemke conceived an immense and implacable hatred for Wilson. Lemke's sole excursion into authorship is a thin book, "Crimes Against Mexico," printed in 1915, devoted to savage libels on Wilson's political and personal character.

People in North Dakota who dislike Lemke say that it was his hatred of Wilson, rather than any devotion to the farmer, that led him into the Non-Partisan League in 1915. They also say that he identifies Franklin Roosevelt with Wilson, and this fact accounts in great measure for his unreasoning hostility to the New Deal. However this may be, unquestionably Lemke does not like the Democratic Party, and especially its liberal wing.

Lemke's cap is becoming his campaign symbol. He seldom or never wears a hat. Instead, he wears a gray cloth cap, and buys a new one about once a year. This is not altogether an eccentricity. It is windy on the North Dakota plains, and farmers generally wear caps. Lemke looks faintly like a vaudeville Irishman—head partly bald, face criss-crossed by deep lines, small, shrewd eyes and mobile, expressive lips. He is not especially faithful about shaving, and frequently appears with a grayish stubble. He talks with a slight Teutonic accent, and is not an orator, being given to factual exposition and statistics. Nevertheless, he seldom has difficulty in holding an audience, for no one living knows more than he does about the northwestern farmer and his political history.

As a child, Lemke was accidentally struck in the right eye by a stick. All through his student days, through his years as a lawyer and expert on farm legislation, the threat of partial blindness hung over him. Two years ago, in order to save the sight of his left eye, the right one was operated upon and removed.

He is a German Lutheran, and neither smokes nor drinks. If he can be said to have any escape from work, it is in gardening. He is proud of his dahlias and gladioli, and boasts that they are the best in North Dakota. As a reminder of his Mexican days, he keeps Chihuahuas, tiny, hairless and —to most people—ratlike dogs. He considers himself a good judge of dogs, likes to go to dog shows, and corresponds with dog fanciers. His wife is a charming, exceptionally beautiful woman, and they have three children. Mr. Lemke's campaign nickname, "Liberty Bill," seems to have been the invention of either Father Coughlin, or one of his Royal Oak gag-writers. Mr. Lemke has shown no fondness for it.

The decisive point of Mr. Lemke's career was undoubtedly his association with the Non-Partisan League. It set the mold of his thinking, and established his political habits. He joined the League at its formation, at a time when good town-dwellers in North Dakota regarded it with fear and bitterness. For a time, he was the only competent lawyer in the League's membership. He early became one of its directorate of three, and drafted a great deal of its legislation. His unique service, however, came with the League caucuses at Bismarck. The League originally was a revolt against politicians as such; the first legislators that the League elected were farmers straight from their plows. Each evening President Townley and Mr. Lemke gathered their farmer representatives together, explained the next day's program, drilled them in speech-making, forced them to learn parliamentary procedure. In the last three years in Washington Mr. Lemke has used something of this same technique in advancing the Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage bills, and more than anything else this explains his remarkable success against the opposition of the House Democratic leadership.

Drawn for The New Republic by Bertrand Zadig

LIBERTY BILL LEMKE

At the height of its power, the Non-Partisan League was generally accused of socialism. In fact, of course, it was the antithesis of socialism. It was the party of farmers, and, exactly like the present Union Party, its aim was to protect private property. The League's whole effort was toward creating the "free market" necessary for private property's survival. The farmers believed, with justice, that they lacked a free market in selling their grain, that speculators in Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago ran down grain prices during selling periods, only to raise them immediately afterwards. Accordingly, the League established state-owned grain elevators. This was emphatically not to give

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the tools of production into the hands of the elevator workers, but to give equality of bargaining power between farmers and the commission merchants.

The farmers also believed that the merchants robbed them by fraudulently grading their wheat. The League, accordingly, set up state-owned flour mills. Again, the aim was not to benefit the mill workers, but to give the farmers an alternative market in which their grain would be justly graded.

The most ambitious experiment of the League was the state-owned Bank of North Dakota, which is still functioning. In the minds of the farmers, the chief enemies of the free market were the private bankers, with their monopoly of credit. They were the real market-riggers. When money was scarce the bankers made it scarcer, and foreclosed on the farmers' land and crops. When money was plentiful the bankers made it still more abundant, and drove up the price of land to a point where the farmer could not buy it economically. Mr. Lemke's present plan for a Bank of the United States, which is to refinance all farm and urban mortgages, was formulated long before he encountered Father Coughlin, and is derived not from Father Coughlin's inflationary day-dreaming but from Mr. Lemke's own experience with the Bank of North Dakota. It is almost certainly unsound, but with equal certainty it represents accurately the aspirations of left-wing farm groups.

During its term of power in North Dakota, the Non-Partisan League enacted a considerable body of labor legislation. After its headquarters were moved to Minneapolis in 1918, it formed a working agreement with Minnesota's organized labor. There is nothing in Mr. Lemke's past record, or in his present program, that ought to make an alliance between him and organized labor impossible. The fact that in the present campaign he and his farmers are yoked to irresponsible broomstick-riders like Coughlin, Townsend and Smith is not, in my opinion, altogether his fault. Organized labor, as represented by the congressional lobby of the A.F. of L., never has lifted a hand to coöperate with the farmers. On the contrary, the Frazier-Lemke bill for the refinancing of farm mortgages was killed in the last session by a letter from Mr. William Green which the late Speaker Byrns read a few minutes before the final vote was taken. Admittedly the Frazier-Lemke bill might have had dangerous inflationary consequences. Nevertheless, it had the united support of left-wing farm organizations, and its defeat threw them into angry despair.

Because the Union Party is likely to draw votes from Mr. Roosevelt, there have been many accusations that it was instigated by the Liberty League, or, alternately, by Mr. Hearst. The past political records of Mr. Lemke and his associates of the Farmers' Union would seem sufficient indication that they, at least, are acting in all sincerity. They have been working, almost literally night and day, for four years for what they regard as necessary legislation for the farmer; they quite naturally regard the Union Party as a justified means of putting their cause before the country. However, Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and the Reverend Mr. Smith fall in another category. Notoriously, during campaigns, political contributions are hard to trace. The most that can be said is that, up to the present, no definite proof has been offered that they have received pro-Landon funds.

Not long ago in Washington Mr. Lemke discussed the future of the Union Party before a large group of listeners. He predicted that Father Coughlin would have no particular interest in the Party beyond the present campaign, and clearly intimated that, after November, he expected he and his associates would fall heir to the party machinery. The party would then be democratized and transformed into a genuine mass movement. It seems to me more likely that after the election the party will fall into two parts, the organized farmers in the Northwest, and the Union of Social Justice clubs in the East, with a surrounding fringe of Townsendites. The two parts have no basic cohesiveness. The farmers will—or ought to—combine with Labor's Non-Partisan Committee. The Coughlinites and Townsendites, it is to be hoped, will wither away.

Mr. Lemke's associates give the appearance of having little hope that he will carry even his own state of North Dakota in the election. Some of them talk vaguely of his carrying North Dakota and one or two of the Rocky Mountain states, but their voices have no ring. The drought in the Northwest makes any prophecy uncertain, but most neutral observers think that Mr. Lemke will fail to carry any states, and will receive something less than two million votes. The utmost he can do is to give a state or two to Governor Landon. For the first time in many years, however, the lowest stratum of farmers will have a voice in the campaign—assuming, that is, that Mr. Lemke is not drowned out by Father Coughlin and the Reverend Mr. Smith—and to Mr. Lemke and his farm associates this seems of paramount importance.

Washington. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Words from a Fool

He who thinks fields are what he owns
Will have his plowing stopped by stones.
He who thinks man is what he is
Has never known man's miseries.
He who thinks men were made to serve him
Will some day find that men unnerve him.
He who resorts to lists of things
He knows are true when something brings
New truth along, will only find
His catalogue one truth behind.
He whose scared ethic draws a line
Between his property and mine
Will find, between the cup and lip,
That line, forfending ownership.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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If the Spanish Workers Win

As this issue of The New Republic goes to press, the outcome of the civil war in Spain is still in doubt. In the article below, Mr. Greaves makes no attempt to predict the result, but suggests some of the developments to be expected if the present government survives. A member of the staff of the London School of Economics, and the author of a book on the Spanish Constitution, Mr. Greaves spent the month of April traveling through Spain. —THE EDITORS.

GENERAL Franco is sending thousands of Spanish men, women and children to their death in the bloodiest struggle of post-war Europe—and for what? This is no mere factional fight for office. It is a battle between two social orders. Upon the battleground of Spain a decision is being taken that will have far-reaching effects on the development of Europe, if not of Western civilization. Difficult though it may be to assess the importance of events as we live through them, two things at least are clear. The revolt of the clumsy lout against civilization, as H. G. Wells once called fascism, has found yet another stage for its enactment. Fascism is being repulsed, and we can see already that the story of that repulse, whether it succeeds or not, will become an epic of proletarian history. We are witnessing the firm defense by the civilian workers of Spain of a new republic that they are trying to build. The growth of that republic was planned along the lines of social democracy. In the free acceptance and loyal working out of that system lay the best chance of a peaceful birth for the new Spain. The Right parties never really accepted the Republic; now they have thrown away the opportunity it gave them. If they are defeated they will have established the rule of the elements they most dislike.

WHO THE REBELS ARE

Franco and his brother officers are fighting for a military dictatorship with themselves in power. They have the support of Juan March, the wealthiest industrialist of Spain. In the conservative provinces of the north we hear of priests inciting their flocks to join the revolt. The small group of monarchists favor the rebellion, particularly the rich grandees.

Theirs is the Spain of privilege, the Spain of Primo de Rivera dominated in true medieval style by army, nobility, church and king. Success to them would mean a return to the very conditions that brought about the republic. It is well to recall that the Spain King Alfonso XIII handed over to the first provisional government of the Republic on April 14, 1931, was a country in which 50 percent of the people could neither read nor write, where more than half of the schools that did exist were controlled by religious orders for whom education meant the acceptance of dogma and the learning of Latin prayers by rote. In many parts of this Spain the agricultural laborer worked for about a dollar a week. It was a land of privilege at one end and ignorance and poverty at the other, but a land in which there was significantly being added a militant industrial proletariat. Such is the past order to which the rebels seek a return.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC'S RECORD

For the republic has wrought many changes. Above all, it has allowed the unforgivable thing, the statistical proof—in their electoral success of February 16 last—that the Popular Front of Socialists, Communists and Left Republicans has a large majority of the Spanish people behind it and the practical proof that it knows how to govern. The two governments of Señor Azaña have a record of great activity. Agricultural wages have been raised and land reforms made that in three months gave land holdings to over 70,000 *junteros*, or peasant ploughmen, in the South. Plans have been made and work begun on the project of irrigating the desert spaces that the Arabs long ago showed to be capable of rich production. Factory legislation, penal and divorce-law reform, the granting of the vote to women, the ending of corruption in the army, the establishment of one of the most progressive constitutions in the world—all are a monument to the liberalism of this young republic. So too is the already great achievement in the field of education—an ambitious plan for 20,000 schools, of which over 7,000 are established, was the work of Señor Domingo and of Professor De los Ríos. That the Church was disestablished, the annual subsidy to it from state funds stopped, and religious orders forbidden to teach anything except religion, can hardly be used to prove the new government illiberal. But reform of this character makes enemies and these have felt the pinch of greater fear owing to the self-confidence and militancy of organized labor.

Indeed the most interesting development between February 16 and the outbreak of this rebellion lay in the activities of the Syndicalists, Socialists and Communists. These three groups were only superficially disunited. They had come together for the purposes of the election. Their remarkable success vindicated the principle of unity; it proved their overwhelming strength in combination. For the moment they were ready to delegate power to a left-

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Republican government first under Azaña and then under his personal friends Casares Quiroga and Giral. But the government could not act without them and appeared to welcome their intervention to force the pace of change—as when, for instance, it legalized, after they had taken place, certain Syndicalist seizures of the land of absentee landlords or suppressed the Fascist Party after a series of Fascist murders had been followed by a general strike in protest.

Toward a Socialist Spain

Meanwhile the labor organizations have been active. With the exception of a small gradualist element of the Socialists led by Prieto, the ideology of all these groups is just the same. And from what I know of Prieto I venture the belief that the rebellion has made gradualism a thing of the past with him also. The Socialists have produced the most dynamic of left-wing leaders in Largo Caballero. He has long believed that power can be won only by a militant and united movement. "Government by discussion and street-corner meetings is not possible in present-day Spain," he once said to me and that, I think, represented the view of the majority of Socialists in May of this year. If the rebellion is crushed there will hardly be a dissenter from that opinion.

What is the Spain envisaged by the Left? The answer lies with the Anarcho-Syndicalists, whose strength is chiefly in Catalonia, Asturias and Andalusia. Setting out from the anarchism of Bakunin, they have recently developed a program remarkably akin to that of Soviet Russia. With them has been the spirit of Spanish individualism expressing itself in militant local bodies that look to local and vocational direct action for the assertion of their independence. Hitherto they have been unwilling to unite with others, to do more than form a loose federation even among themselves, or to take political action. Their abstention from the poll in 1933 led to the success of the Right. But the revolt of October, 1934, and the atrocities—revealed to the English reader by Mrs. Leah Manning and Professor Abercrombie—that followed it led to an important change in their attitude. This was strengthened by the development of fascism in Germany and Austria and by the Communist appeal for a united front against fascism. In the last election the Syndicalists took an active part and at their recent conference at Saragossa they took the further interesting decision to establish local soviets throughout Spain that would act as the nuclei of a coming Socialist soviet republic. For their philosophy has developed under the peculiarly Spanish form of what they call *comunismo libertario*. This is essentially the creation of works councils to control the workshop, farm or factory under the coordinating authority of local and regional councils federating eventually under national control. Such a program must make strong appeal to the local patriotisms of Spain, which for centuries have troubled the central government in Madrid. In this way the syndicalist national federation of workers (the C.N.T.) has become one of the chief elements of the proletarian movement in Spain.

The coincidence of this type of syndicalism with communism needs no elaboration. But its close community of feeling and policy with socialism is equally important. Señor Caballero has been working for unity since he first became Minister of Labor in 1931. The Socialist movement as he understands it is a militant party expressing itself in political activity at the center, obtaining its representatives in the Cortes but based on an industrially organized union of workers (the U.G.T.) of which he is the leader. The U.G.T., however, could not hope to govern Spain without wider support, which must be forthcoming from the Socialist politicians and the Syndicalists and Communists. Caballero has directed his propaganda in a way that would appeal to the militancy of the revolutionary Left and he has at the same time succeeded in carrying with him the majority of the Socialist Party, being opposed mainly on questions of strategy by Prieto and Besteiro.

The Socialist policy, while it looks at Spain from the center rather than from a thousand localities, is the same in essentials as the Syndicalist, but it lays more emphasis upon state activities, on the possibilities of planning, of controlling finance and education and on works of public development. It has more political talent available than either of the other sections, although its experience of government is not equal to that of the Left Republicans. It is in fact largely complementary to the Syndicalists, supplying the central leadership and statesmanship they lack, and receiving in return their intense local vitality.

Regarded, then, as a whole, the revolutionary Left is seen to be largely united in ideology. While its sections have different backgrounds and its organization lends strength to the inevitable personal differences and rivalries, those differences must not be exaggerated. As I write, these various sections of the Left are experiencing the fires of a common suffering and sacrifice. The outcome is not yet clear, but it is safe to say that should their forces defeat the rebellion, they will not be satisfied with much less than the soviet Spain of their ideals. And behind that ideal there will now be the force of an armed mass of workers whom it will not be easy to gainsay.

Possible Consequences of a Fascist Defeat

The effects of an utter defeat of fascism are bound to be far-reaching within Spain. Large-scale confiscation and nationalization of property are the least that can be anticipated. But a soviet Spain would present an interesting problem to non-Socialist Europe. The anti-German and anti-Italian feeling would undoubtedly be all the keener because of

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the constant rumors of German and Italian support of the rebel armies. Spain's orientation to France would be strengthened and the inclination to form a bloc with France and Russia might be an important factor in international politics, sharpening the dilemma of a British government that does not know whether it fears Germany or socialism the more.

Perhaps the most interesting consequences, however, might prove to lie in the influence of Spanish events on the struggle between socialism and reaction in the rest of Europe. There are signs that reaction has reached its climax and is already on the down-grade. Nationalist victories in England, Germany, Austria and to a lesser degree in France which followed on the depression have recently been replaced by leftist victories in France and Spain and by an increase of nearly 50 percent in the British Socialist vote. With the rapidly darkening menace of war that now hangs over the world the need for the torch of sanity to be lighted is urgent to the discouraged workers for civilization and peace. Hitler, at least, makes no secret of his fear that socialism will spread in western Europe, for he believes it might mean the still-birth of his plans of destroying it in Russia.

But no one writing in this moment of valiant struggle on the part of the Spanish workers can fail to add his voice to the tribute that must always go to the men who are ready to make even the supreme sacrifice on the altar of an ideal. When among the fighters are numbered one's friends, that tribute is deepened by a sense of the privilege of knowing them. To whichever side victory goes, their names will not be forgotten.

H. R. G. GREAVES.

Organizing the Steel Workers

THE MEETING in Memorial Park of Tarentum, Pennsylvania, is the first mass meeting on the Allegheny River in the organizational campaign of steel workers. It is a lovely little park, stretching narrow along the wide river, the abrupt green hills mounting the opposite shore. People have come slowly, somewhat tentatively; now they begin to wake up and become a real audience.

Smiley Shatac is speaking: he has just led a short, victorious strike. Haltingly, briefly, in broken English he is saying that the 660 victorious workers of the Hubbard Steel Company are organized 95 percent. Smiley Shatac has dark red hair and strong features. He has vitality and easy strength.

"I just talk to one—I talk to another. All of 'em say, 'Smiley, we join.' "

There is a delegation of the victorious workers here. They stand smiling, waiting to be introduced. Suddenly by the enthusiasm of applause, the audience is fused into something living. It isn't just that the Hubbard employees have braved the threat of the lock-out and have come out on top, or that these workers who make electrical equipment have won a five percent increase, a forty-four-hour week, recognition of the shop committee, two ten-minute rest periods for the women workers and better sanitary conditions throughout the shop. More than this, at the signing of their agreement, they did not rush back into the mill—they decided to stay out two days more and to march back two by two from Croatian Hall. There is a fine quality about them as they stand there—not insolent but with the ease of security. They have communicated this security to the hesitating, uncertain audience.

The C.I.O. and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee are at work. Something entirely new has entered the labor movement. This same Organizing Committee has behind it the massed power of the 1,225,000 workers of the twelve great unions of industrial organization that form the C.I.O.

The workers (mostly young) in the Hubbard plant wanted to organize. They came to the C.I.O. They were no longer a little, cut-off group of inexperienced workers. They became part of the great drive in the labor movement. Labor leaders have dreamed, for years, of such a vital joining together of forces. Now it is an accomplished fact.

Down in Portsmouth, Ohio, the 7,000 workers of Wheeling Steel won their strike the middle of July. Two weeks ago the workers of R.C.A. in Camden, New Jersey, settled after a spasm of terror that jailed several hundred of their workers, including the C.I.O. organizer, Powers Hapgood. The organization work done at Hubbard Steel is the first victory in the Pittsburgh area. So in this meeting at Tarentum, never for a moment can one forget the large forces involved. This meeting is a small part of a great movement headed by John L. Lewis.

John L. Lewis—his name rings through the meeting. It almost seems John L. Lewis is present. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, is back of the steel workers. They applaud when his name is mentioned. They do not forget there are a million and a quarter workers back of them. There is an awful power and might in steel, but there is an awful power and might in the age-old drive for freedom. The last time the urge for organization pulsed through the steel mills, it was led by the rank-and-file committee. This time, instead of standing alone, isolated, repudiated even by their own International, the workers know that the might of the C.I.O. and the power of John L. Lewis are behind them.

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The local organizer, Paul Fuller, speaks: he was organizer in the South during the great organizational drive of the textile workers. Earlier, at the union headquarters, we had talked with him. He believes that if you can organize Southern textile workers (and they have been organized) you can organize steel workers.

The biggest steel mill around here is that of the Allegheny Steel Company in Brackenridge, a couple miles down the Allegheny River. All around it is organized industry. Glass is organized; the United Mine Workers are organized; other industries are organized. Aren't the steel operators more set against organization than the textile operators, haven't they a greater power, we asked him. "No," he answered, "no one could be more ruthless, no one more determined, no one more murderous than the Southern textile-mill operators."

Up to now organization has progressed in the Allegheny Valley as in the rest of the steel towns —quietly. There has been house-to-house visiting; there have been secret meetings in the woods; inside the mills workers who have signed up talk with other workers. The quiet steady drive goes on throughout the mill towns. It is not spectacular but it goes on steadily. Only a few days separated the secret meeting in the woods from the open meeting.

Pat Fagan talks: he is an organizer of the United Mine Workers of America, District Five. If you can organize West Virginia, he tells them, you can organize steel. Briefly he rehearses the bloody story of West Virginia. "The banner of the United Mine Workers flies over every tipple in West Virginia," says Pat Fagan. They applaud—many of the audience have been mine workers as well as steel workers.

Glen W. McCabe speaks: he is president of the Federation of Flat Glass Workers. In himself he is a proof of how times are changing—formerly a craft-union man and a Republican; today, by force of events and the necessities of labor, he is an industrial unionist and a Roosevelt man. He tells about a victory of yesterday. Three years ago glass was practically unorganized—today it is 98-percent organized in an industrial union.

The history of labor is present here at this meeting. The story of its evolution is here. Here are the men who fought through impossibly difficult situations and who have organized when no organization seemed possible. They are here to tell the steel workers, "It won't be easy; many of you may lose your jobs; it may be dangerous, but *it can be done.*"

Hope and courage have been awakened. The faces of four Negroes near me, so stolid when they came, have brightened. It is a fine-looking audience, healthy, young and self-respecting. It seems incredible that terror will be visited upon them for following their need to organize. But terror and intimidation are already present. Up and down the Allegheny Valley, up and down the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Mahoning, wherever the great steel mills are belching forth fire and smoke, workers are being intimidated. There are threats of lockouts, there are threats of moving the plants—in one great plant the workers have been called in two by two and told not to join the union; around the Homestead area, where the memories of the lost battles of labor hang over the town, there has been a drive to make the workers believe that joining the union means an immediate strike. The workers want no strike. This drive is for organization.

In Aliquippa, the situation got so tense that two State Troopers have been called for. They sit around, large and handsome, and no one can get them to say they are here to protect the workers. They say that they are here to keep law and order, but this time it will be truly law and order. They won't be riding down the congested steel-town streets, their three-foot riot clubs raised high, driving the workers into their houses. They won't break up funerals and ride into a crowd of parochial-school children as they did in 1919. The Governor of Pennsylvania is for organized labor and the Lieutenant-Governor is a former member of the United Mine Workers of America. This will be one terror that will be lacking.

There are other kinds of "law and order." Aliquippa is the stronghold of the Jones and Laughlin plant. The company employs 9,000 men. From the coal piles, like small mountains, from which they make their own coke, along past the great furnaces, the mills seem never ending. On the front page of the Aliquippa paper, in the lower-right-hand corner, appears a suggestive little framed advertisement of two columns. It reads simply:

> Please enroll me as a member of the
> Citizens Committee of Five Hundred

Below this is room for a name and address.

It is Mr. J. A. C. Ruffner who is sponsoring the Committee of Five Hundred. Mr. Ruffner is a prominent man of affairs and a public-spirited citizen. He is chairman of the Republican committee, part owner of the paper, director of the bank, partner in a flourishing real-estate business, and he will tell anyone who wishes to inquire that the function of the Committee of Five Hundred is "to take over when law and order breaks down." It develops that his idea of law and order breaking down is, for example, workers picketing. Then if the police can't stop it, law and order have to be preserved. Some reports say that when he was asked if he thought it was a good thing to preserve law and order as was done in Ambridge two years ago when workers were shot down, he replied heartily, "That's the finest thing that was ever done in this valley."

The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee is housed on the thirty-sixth floor of the Grant Building in Pittsburgh. From it, you look down upon what is known as the Golden Triangle where the Allegheny and Monongahela join to form the Ohio

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River. There is no spot where one may so fully realize the might and power of the steel industry. From every side, down every river, rise the black chimneys. At night the skies are stained saffron with the blast of the furnaces and by day the smoke rolls up in great convoluted clouds. Phillip Murray, vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America, is at the head of the committee; Clinton Golden, late of the Labor Relations Board of Pittsburgh, is district organizer; Lee Pressman is legal adviser.

What has been accomplished by the S.W.O.C. up to date could be learned at the first conference, attended by over one hundred organizers last week. This was a conference of the Northeastern district. For the sake of convenience the steel area is divided into three districts—the Northeastern, which takes in all the Pittsburgh area including the Bethlehem Steel in Johnstown; the Western and Great Lake area, Chicago and Lake districts; and the Southern area. There are more than 2,500 volunteer organizers on the job, besides nearly 200 paid organizers. Despite the vigilance of the steel operators and perpetual espionage, more than fifty mills in the Northeastern region have been penetrated by volunteer and paid organizers. The high point of the meeting was the appearance of a dozen representatives of company unions from as many mills who pledged their support in the drive to unionize the steel industry.

Already there has been a complete swing over of the company union in the South Chicago works of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, where 3,000 members voted as a body to join the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. Thus the workers replied to the assertion of the operators that the men were satisfied with company unions. These company unions are of course one of the most important factors in this campaign, and should they turn in numbers, as in the South Chicago works, they might easily prove a Frankenstein's monster to the employers who created them. McKeesport organizers report talks with more than 5,000 steel workers. Similar reports come from the Bethlehem-Coatesville district. William Mitch reports from the South an independent union in the Sloss-Sheffield plant, comprising about a third of the workmen, wanting to join with the Amalgamated. Extreme caution of course has to be exercised in the South. There, the movement has to be all but underground.

Here, meetings can be held where no meetings were possible in 1919. In Aliquippa the first meetings since the death of the N.R.A. have been held. In Braddock that fine fighting priest, Father Kazincy, addressed the steel workers in the playground not far away from his new church. Company-union men talked, as did the pro-labor burgess of West Homestead, Richard Lowry.

Here, people are too busy to think much about the possible impending expulsion of the C.I.O. from the American Federation of Labor. Organizing goes on quietly from house to house, comes out in the open at meetings and picnics. The first phase —education and contact—is over and the second phase—organization and giving charters—is here.

The Organizing Committee is at work. The C.I.O. is on the job. MARY HEATON VORSE.

A Piece of Advice

WHEN THE early dark came, he would begin to dread the moment when the desk lights in the big outer office would be turned off, one after one; and the bitter drug of telephones, typewriters, appointments, orders, talk would give out. Some one would thrust his head through the opening of Dave's office door, *Going now?* And Dave would reply *Not yet,* a false smile twisting his mouth. Miss Ritter, his secretary, would say good night, doubtful, should she leave, was there something left undone? Next the cleaning women would clop-clop in, buckets hung from their arms. And he would sit behind his desk, while the four walls of his office lost their familiar distance and began their stealthy march toward him, until the room seemed contracted to the area of his desk.

Now, with the outer office dim and silent, he had gone through it all, the moment of desertion, the moment of panic; now he could go. Everything was in shape for the next issue of the magazine. Nothing could be created to demand his attention. He could count one, two, three and be up and out of his chair. Then to Burke's for a drink and another and more until perhaps he would be helped into a taxicab and sent home or perhaps he would, this night, arrive at the conclusion, make the decision, know . . . he got up and walked into the outer office.

Expecting to see no one, he was startled to discover Miss Ritter sitting at her machine which held no paper, her back curving dejectedly over the unlittered desk.

"Hello there," he said loudly, "your boy-friend late?"

She turned a spool on her typewriter. "I was just—I'm leaving right away."

Half-sitting on the edge of her desk, he offered her a cigarette. She shook her head. "We're not allowed to, you know."

"For God's sake, you'll never get any fun out of life if you don't break rules once in a while." He grinned. "I'll bet you never do, either."

Abruptly Miss Ritter put her head down on the machine and began to cry. Appalled, he put out his hand. "I'm *terribly* sorry."

"It wasn't your fault." She looked up, her lips working. "I'm just on edge these days."

He picked up her wrist. "I knew there was something bothering you. Want to spill it?"

She shook her head, sideways, her lips curving down, but permitted him to guide her into his office where he produced a half-filled bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

"Bottoms up now, and then for God's sake try

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to enlighten old Father Matlack as to why a young, good-looking—" he made a funnel of his hand and through it looked at her—"yes, you have a sensitive, really fine face, in case *he* doesn't know it."

"There's no *he* involved in it."

"Uh-huh." He wagged his finger at her. "First, there should be. Second, you admit something's troubling you. Listen, if you don't drink that, it'll just be thrown away."

She took a sip of whiskey and then, smiling faintly, said: "I feel like a terrible nuisance."

"You are." Dave refilled his glass. "From a first-rate prop that I couldn't do a lick of work without, you're fading into a nervous, scared—"

"But I can't help it! I've got something on my mind that's making me that way! I don't *enjoy* lying awake at night and having no appetite and things like that."

"I ought to have a different light here. For the editor of an electrical-appliances trade organ, I certainly ought to have one of those lights that keep the rest of the room dark. And you should be lying on a couch with your back to me, the great Doctor Matlack-Ebing of Zurich, Vienna and London Terrace. Now, just let go of your conscience."

Miss Ritter evaded her boss's eyes. "If you'd found out that you'd made a simply terrible error, I mean a mistake that would affect loads of other people, not just yourself," she said in a low mumble, "and you could hide it for a while but probably not forever, wouldn't your conscience keep you from doing it?"

"Conscience? I don't admit conscience. I admit eyes, ears, nose, mouth, legs and 'I think, therefore I am,' but what's conscience? I've never seen it."

"But you feel it," she said imploringly.

Dave leaned toward her. "What did you do?" he said softly.

She looked into his eyes for what seemed a long time. Then she spoke rapidly. "You know when I got up those figures for the magazine around this time last year—about the annual total of appliances used all over the country, cities, counties and states and everything like that. And you know how many papers picked it up and the letters we got from the Edison people and G.E. Oh, it just makes me sick all over to think of it!" She dug her teeth into her lower lip, watching him. But he said nothing; and the expression of his face did not alter.

"Well," she said, "just as I was going to get around to getting up those figures for this year, I realized that I *added* last year, instead of *subtracting*. The exchanges and the used ones, I added them instead of subtracting. The whole thing was wrong. And if I correct it for this year, the sales will be so much less that everyone will know. Don't you see? And if I just, well, perpetuate the error, it will have to come out, sooner or later—it would have to! I—" she broke off, seeing the laugh form his lips and then hearing it, hearty and unaffected, issue from his throat.

"Mr. Matlack!"

"You got those figures from me last year, didn't you? Where do you think *I* got them? I just approximated them. They weren't accurate. They never have been accurate. And you . . . for God's sake!"

Miss Ritter's lips closed, parted and closed again before dully she said: "Please pour me another."

"So you've been losing sleep and not eating and God knows what else. Listen—" he neatly filled their glasses as he spoke and now drank down his without pausing—"don't you know you've got only a little piece of time"—he measured a few inches of air—"on this earth? You get born and you die and in between you're frustrated and knocked around and whatever happiness you get is through the greatest odds. Take it easy. Why try to create new breaks against yourself?"

Miss Ritter was not yet able to smile.

"You know, if I were you," he went on, "I'd tell myself I'll never worry about a God-damned thing. I'd do everything I wanted to, without thinking of rules or mistakes I might have made. They won't let you get away with too much of it." He added in a whisper: "But steal what you can."

"I never once thought of how you got the figures," she responded in a like whisper.

Before he could speak, the telephone bell rang. He jumped to his feet and made for his hat and coat. Doubtfully Miss Ritter looked at him and then at the telephone. "Shall I?"

"No!" he cried out vehemently, going toward the door.

"If you only knew what a relief—" she began, rising.

"Come along, if you're going now." He waited for her to put on her outer garments and then, as they left the building, in a changed, light tone, said: "Now, don't forget about having a good time while the getting's good."

"I'll never know how to thank you."

"Forget it." He stopped at the corner, his eyes on Burke's lighted sign. "Ever get the illusion that the walls are closing in on you?" he said, half-laughing.

"What did you say?"

"I said—so long, I guess I leave you here."

He hurried to Burke's where he found a place at the bar and, after his second drink, a part in the poker-dice game. Presently, his eye encountering the wall clock, he excused himself to go into the telephone booth. She said "hello" in the chilly voice that always frightened him into thinking he would lose her.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to make it tonight," he said. "I got into a little game at Burke's and I can't walk out on it while I'm winning. You won't be sore, will you?"

"Tonight again?" She laughed artificially. "Sometimes I wish once in your life you'd tell me the truth. Where are you, at the corner drugstore, did you have to tell your wife you needed some cigarettes?"

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He remained silent. There was no way to say *Go to Hell* and *I love you* at the same time.

"I didn't mean to say what I said." Her voice came in a rush. "It's just—haven't you decided whether it's going to be me or her? Hasn't three years been long enough to make up your mind?"

"Wait a little," he said slowly. "I'll have the answer."

"I've waited too long," she said, misery in her voice, and hung up.

Addressing no one, with his head lowered over the coin box, he said in a low painful tone: "I can't."

At the bar he drank two more whiskeys and won the next throw. Again he excused himself to go into the telephone booth. His wife answered at the first ring.

"Janet," he said, "I got into a little game at Burke's and I can't walk out while I'm winning. Not sore, are you?"

"How do I know you're at Burke's?"

He pushed open the door of the booth. "That's a public noise, isn't it? But if you'd like, I'll ask Burke to speak to you."

"Oh, I believed you. I don't expect you to go back on your word. What time will you be home?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'm expected at a meeting at Amy's right now. I'll be back before twelve. Will you please be home. I want to have a talk with you."

"Again?" he said heavily.

"You've got to look over those bills from last month tonight, so please don't drink too much. Try to think of getting to the office for once without a hangover."

"You're right," he agreed.

At the bar, with a filled whiskey glass in one hand, the dice cup in the other, he seemed to hear her voice and his wife's voice, murmuring in concert the pleas to which he knew no answer. The dice fell from his cup.

"Three ducks," his neighbor called out.

He could devote himself to his work, *Going now?* Yes, he could sit behind his desk in dread of the time when the desk lights without would be turned off, Miss Ritter, doubtful, was there something left undone? But Miss Ritter was in fine shape now, with no more doubts, with explicit instructions from her boss on how to get along with life. Once more the dice clattered out of the cup in his hand.

"Four ducks in two," announced his neighbor.

There were other choices: the river of chill scum from which the body shrank, the bullet, the razor blade, the bottle of poison, the room sealed with gas. "I'll stand on that," he said, handing the dice cup to his neighbor.

He poured himself another drink, drained it and, leaning more heavily against the bar, knew that he would remain here as he remained there, waiting for the moment when they would all have gone and the walls of the saloon would begin to close in on him.

LEANE ZUGSMITH.

The Great Landon Mystery

INTO THE Durkin news emporium came none other than Lester Quigley, bookkeeper for the Woppington Supply Company. Elmer liked to talk politics with this earnest little man because Mr. Quigley was an independent voter with a gift for floating with the tide. "As the Union goes," the newsdealer once said, "so goes Quig."

Elmer now conducted his straw vote.

"Are you a holy crusader, or have you a rendezvous with destiny?"

But the bookkeeper was not ready to hand down a decision. Some people lost their heads and rushed pellmell into snap judgments, but not Mr. Quigley.

"I may not make up my mind until October."

"That's a good hunch. Maybe by that time Alf Landon will give us a clue. Where were you on the night of the twenty-third?"

"Well, I meant to listen to his speech, Elmer, but m'wife's sister came over from—"

"Never mind, Quig, I'll shoot you the scenario. I got the whole show here on my noise machine, including Snell. I always tune in on Bertie because it's such a pleasure to hear him quit."

Here Elmer poked his nose briefly into the Great Landon Mystery. The Kansas Governor had won the nomination without expressing any thoughts on the topics of the day. He was billed as a grass-roots liberal but he turned up at Cleveland with the support of such forward-lookers as Hearst, Hilles and Boss Roraback of Connecticut. His platform didn't make sense so we had to wait for the acceptance speech to get his line.

"Then the New Dealers swarm into Philly and play ring-around-the-Roosevelt for five days and five hundred speeches, mostly bad. But the long story has a happy ending because F.D. turns up at the last minute and promises us another helping of the same remedy. Anyhow we know where *those* babies stand.

"Meanwhile Alf Landon beats it to the Rockies where he can be alone with his conscience and his God and 167 reporters and all the photographers west of Pittsburgh. He comes out of the bushes with beefsteak grease on his vest and the answer to all our problems in the pocket of his riding pants. At last the great Thursday rolls around and the sidewalks of Topeka are clogged with broiled live Republicans. The beans will be spilled and the works shot at 8 P.M., C.S.T. Man and boy, I've been ogling the politicians' playful pranks for forty long years and I can't remember a better brand of build-up.

"First they had to throw a circus and free street parade. Maybe John Hamilton knows best, but if I were the G.O.P. I'd pipe down on that b'gosh stuff—false whiskers, stage coach and "Oh, Susanna." Maybe the boy stouts might like to stroll down memory lane with Landon but the young squirts don't get any kick out of the Follies of 1893.

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"At last the zero hour arrives and your Uncle Dudley gathers his old ears around the loud speaker all jittery with suspense. When Alf handed out the table of contents he promised us plain talk on six big topics and the rest on easy payments. Fair enough. We can't expect to be cured of what ails us with one bottle.

"Pretty soon it began to dawn on me that he was just picking the pushovers. Would you rather have economy or waste, common sense or the dizzy bean, payrolls or relief rolls? Which is better dope, the American system or the European plan? How that gazabo loves them when they have only one answer!

"He hung many a hot one on the Endee's chin, but when it came to details he wasn't there at all. Take the work-relief mess, for instance. A guy might put up a good argument for junking the W.P.A., but is he in favor of that? Read your answer in the stars.

"He was misty on the tariff, foggy on the labor question and fuzzy on agriculture. He said we should keep out of European wars but he didn't slip us any recipe for same. He is going to give the jobless and the farmers all the gravy they're drawing now but without causing the taxpayers any pain. What he is going to use for money is not suitable for refined American ears.

"Finally he worked up to the Constitution, which he called the main issue in the campaign. And what did he spill on this burning topic? The people have a right to change it if they want to. You and I had that hammered into our skulls in the sixth grade. Where does Alfred stand personally? Pay two bits to a palm reader if you have to know.

"That's all there was, Quig. You got a break when your sister-in-law blew in for the evening. Our hero just took the Cleveland platform and translated it into worse English. I read the speech the next morning to see if I could catch him in any definite statement. The only thing a grand jury could pin on him was that he accepted the nomination."

"You're probably exaggerating, Elmer," Mr. Quigley said.

"I've been known to stretch things a little but you don't have to take my word for it. These G.O.P. trained seals like David Lawrence and Mark Sullivan are praising Landon for the masterly way he sidestepped the issues. The two-fisted he-man has turned out to be Cautious Alf, the artful dodger. The sunflower has turned into a shrinking violet."

"Maybe he'll tell us more later on."

"Sure, he may whisper his sweet little secret in our ears along in September." Here Elmer was taken with an attack of whimsy. "If I were in the toothpaste racket I'd run a prize contest on the radio. Send in three wrappers and guess the answer to the Great Landon Mystery. The guy that comes the closest wins a horse and buggy."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Mr. Charles Michelson Busts a Build-up—Why Roosevelt Can't Lose—or Win—Mussolini's Loan No Go

APPARENTLY Mr. Charles Michelson, the Democratic National Committee's publicity director, has decided to go to work on Governor Landon in earnest. Under Mr. Michelson's guidance, Democratic speakers are now picturing Mr. Landon as a muddle-headed fellow who doesn't know whether he is for states' rights or centralized control, for changes in the Constitution or against them. The six Democratic Governors who replied to Mr. Landon's acceptance speech concentrated on the fact that he was for the New Deal in 1933-34, seemed then to have no fears of a Roosevelt dictatorship, and even defended Mr. Roosevelt's general philosophy to Kansas doubters. The Democratic Governors attempted to show that Mr. Landon's concern for "American fundamentals" was of recent origin, dating almost exactly from the moment that he became an active candidate for the presidency.

It is not hard to guess what Mr. Michelson is aiming at. During the pre-convention campaign, Mr. Roy Roberts of The Kansas City Star—an old acquaintance of Mr. Michelson, incidentally—sought to present Mr. Landon to the country as a deep thinker about American institutions, a sort of distillation of the spirit of the New England town-meeting and the Virginia Bill of Rights. This concept of Mr. Landon was widely accepted, at least by Republicans, and by the conservative press. Mr. Michelson can tell a build-up when he sees one, and he is also an expert in picking out its vulnerable spots. Judging from Mr. Michelson's past record, it is a fair prediction that Mr. Landon's build-up is now in great jeopardy.

For the first twenty years of his newspaper career, Mr. Michelson was a Hearst editor. He seems to have acquired the conviction—which unhappily can be supported by a large amount of evidence—that, in this fallible world, personalities, rather than issues, are all-important. Throughout his term with the Democratic National Committee, apparently his great preoccupation has been to shake popular confidence in the opposing candidate, to show that he was not what people thought he was. Mr. Hoover was elected President in 1928 as a great engineer, a man with a slide-rule brain who knew everything. Week after week, Mr. Michelson had Democratic politicians at microphones demonstrating that Mr. Hoover could be as dunderheaded as anyone else. When mass opinion changes, it is inclined to shift violently, and by 1932 most voters had decided, quite unjustly, that Mr. Hoover was a defective who couldn't be trusted to make change for a dollar bill. During the present campaign, it seems reasonably certain that Mr. Landon's views on American institutions will be turned inside out, thumped and shaken, and each time something rattles, a squad of Democratic spokesmen will spring to the broadcasting stations.

Apparently the most difficult problem of Mr. Michelson and his fellow strategists in the Democratic National Committee is how to make use of the prosperity issue. Tradi-

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tionally this is of immense value. Its most direct appeal, however, is to business men, and this year the business community is irrevocably against Mr. Roosevelt. The politicians declare that there are two great laws governing presidential elections: first, that no President in office, running during a bull market, can be defeated, and, secondly, that no presidential candidate opposed by business can possibly win. In the present campaign, these two laws seem perplexingly to cancel each other out. Mr. Roosevelt is running in a bull market, but he also has the enmity of most business men. The nearest parallel that any politician here can recall is the election of 1916, when Woodrow Wilson also ran in a bull market, and was opposed by large sections of business. The election that year, politicians point out, was so close that it took three days to find out who won.

Reports are coming in on the arguments now being used by Republican money-raisers. Seemingly, prospective contributors among the rich are being told that they can either give now, or else lose the bulk of their fortunes if Mr. Roosevelt wins. Mr. J. P. Morgan's comment that there will be no great American fortunes left in thirty-five years, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller's emendation that Mr. Morgan was "very, very conservative" in naming thirty-five years, are said to be typical among the wealthy. They apparently are convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will impose new and drastic taxes as soon as he is reëlected, and this has convulsed them with fear. At recent money-raising lunches in New York, normally rational business men are reported to have talked much as if they were French aristocrats of 1793 awaiting the tumbrils to carry them to the guillotine. The Republican Party seems assured of the largest campaign fund in its history, with the possible exception of the war-profit collections of Mr. Will H. Hays in 1920.

There have been rumors from anti-Fascist sources that the appointment of Mr. William Phillips, former Under-Secretary of State, as American Ambassador to Rome foreshadowed the floating of an Anglo-American loan to Mr. Mussolini. Apparently this is untrue. However, it seems to be a fact that Mr. Mussolini has already suggested, through private Italian business men, that a loan would be extremely acceptable. I am informed London has replied that, before a loan can be discussed, arrangements must be made to liquidate the large frozen credits in Rome belonging to British nationals. In any case, bankers in the United States would be debarred by the Johnson Act from lending money directly to the Italian government. However, even if the Johnson Act could be circumvented, American bankers would be unlikely to act except in coöperation with their London colleagues. This is not merely because of the general understanding that exists between the two banking groups, but because the uncertain political situation in Europe has made American bankers abnormally hesitant. Experts here predict that Mr. Mussolini will try to struggle on with his financial difficulties for several months longer, hoping eventually he will be able to obtain a loan from France, or perhaps France and England together, as the price of deserting Mr. Hitler. Meantime, for imports such as essential war materials, it is believed that he can obtain whatever credits he needs from Switzerland and Holland.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The S.E.C. Unearths an Investment Trust—
How Mr. Groves Went to Town—
Where to Get $1,000,000

THE PRIVATE life of an investment trust is getting a little airing down in Washington at the hands of Commissioner Healy and Mr. David Schenker of the Securities and Exchange Commission. These gentlemen bring out in dramatic fashion an old story, but one as sordid as it is old. That is that high finance is a two-way street in which the public gets rooked on the way in and rooked once again on the way out. In other words, there are frequently as juicy profits in the defunct or half-defunct corporation after the first collection of operators have gotten through with it as there were in creating it in the first place.

The Commission has been offering for our edification the operations of a certain Mr. Wallace Groves, who, in this particular episode, came on the scene in 1931, after the first vast losses of the crash had been sustained. Mr. Groves's technique may well serve as a model for some of those ambitious young men who have just left college and have been led to believe by pessimistic persons that all of the opportunities in America have been used up. It is still possible for an able young man, not too much handicapped by scruples, to do very nicely.

Here is the way Mr. Groves operated. First he made an agreement to buy 500,000 shares of Chain and General Equities of Boston, an investment trust. He was to pay, I think, about $1,000,000 for this. Having obtained this agreement, the next problem is how to pay the $1,000,000 without putting up any of your own money.

This agreement was made in September. And Mr. Groves had to make good on it in November. Therefore he had before him the job of finding the means in the next two months.

Now for the next step. A few days later he agreed to buy 642,000 shares of another investment trust—the Interstate Equities of New York. The life story of this trust would make an excellent little volume by itself. It had been in the clutches of the Bancamerica-Blair Corporation and there it had been made to perform some amazing little tricks. It is well to remember that it was an investment trust and that lots of people had been induced to put their money into it in order to get the benefits of "diversification of investment" and high-class management. They certainly got diversification. Who made money out of it is another story. But as for the stockholders, about this time a firm of certified public accountants said its stock was worth a little more than one cent a share. Therefore when the generous Mr. Groves agreed to buy 642,000 shares for $1.50 a share he was doing very nicely by them—or so it seemed.

Now he must find the money to pay for this Interstate stock as well as for Chain and General. It's a lot of money and it might look difficult, particularly in 1931, but it was really very easy, as you will see.

In fact, it was so easy that Mr. Groves decided to buy still another investment trust. This time, in October, he agreed to buy the Yosemite Holding Company of Detroit —282,000 shares at $1 a share.

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Now for the trick. Mr. Groves borrowed the money for the Interstate stock from the Franklin Plan Corporation of Philadelphia. This, I believe, was another investment trust, and his brother, George Groves, was one of its officials. Now Mr. Wallace Groves had the controlling interest in the Interstate. So he elected a new board of directors. This corporation was now under his control and its resources at his disposal. His next step is to get hold of the Chain and General Equities. This will cost $1,000,000.

Mr. Groves now arranges to get that $1,000,000 through this same Interstate. He gives his note for a million to the National City Bank, and the Interstate puts up as collateral for him some of the "blue chip" stocks which it owns, but which are really the property of its stockholders. But they are now pledged for a loan of Mr. Groves. With this $1,000,000 he pays for the Chain and General stock.

Now he has possession of Interstate and of Chain and General. He owes $1,000,000 to the National City Bank and another large sum to the Franklin Plan Corporation.

His next step is to sell the Interstate shares to the Chain and General Equities. He had paid $1.50 a share for them. But he sold them to Chain and General for $2.06—56 cents of sheer profit on 642,000 shares, or around $359,000, without putting up more than a few cents.

His next step was to complete his contract to buy the Yosemite Holding Company of Detroit by similar methods. And having done that he sold half of the Chain and General stock to the Yosemite. He had paid $2 a share for the stock. He sold it for $2.36 a share, picking up another little profit. Then he sold the other half of the Chain and General stock to the Franklin Plan Corporation of Philadelphia at a similar profit. Thus altogether Mr. Groves apparently netted himself a neat half-million dollars in a few months buying up the shares of various crippled investment trusts.

The best part of all this is that the profits he made came out of the funds of the investment trusts whose shares he had bought and whose directorate he controlled. It makes a pleasant and encouraging story of our great national virtue of thrift and ingenuity. Young America with a flare for making money need not be downcast when deals like this can be put through in such a black year as 1931.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

A Spring Serpent

The little snake now grieves
With whispering pause, and slow,
Uncertain where to go
Among the glassy leaves,
Pale angel that deceives.

With tongue too finely drawn,
Too pure, too tentative,
He needs but move to live,
Yet where he was, is gone;
He loves the quiet lawn.

Kin to the petal, cool,
Translucent, veinéd, firm,
The fundamental worm,
The undefinéd fool,
Dips to the icy pool.

YVOR WINTERS.

The Bandwagon

The blam-jam fools who have been curtailing the activities of our munitions plants ought to hang their heads in shame; and, furthermore, they should be placed in the front line of the army which may be needed to repel invaders.—*Bernarr Macfadden, in Liberty.*

The committee also questioned the advisability of assembling poor families in subsidized housing projects as a social project, arguing that poor families should not be "herded together and branded as a separate official group" but should instead be placed in environments where they come in contact with individuals from all social and economic classes.—*Report of the committee on housing of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, quoted in The New York Times.*

"The biggest job we have at the present time is to educate our boys and girls to be the type of men and women we are. I feel we are the cream of the crop and have proven it," he said.—*Past Department Commander William C. Fay, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, in a speech quoted in The Passaic, N. J., Herald-News.*

IF WINTER COMES

WANTED—Girl to do housework including cooking and washing; preferably a girl with college education who can help young girl with her studies, teach music, play piano and use typewriter; must come from good family and have best of references, work hard for small money and be able to go South in winter.—*From a classified advertisement in The Boston Globe.*

WHAT TO DO TILL THE REVOLUTION COMES

Frankly, I believe that you are to see very perilous times.

In this coming world conflict I should not be surprised to see destruction of the great cities on our Atlantic and Pacific seacoasts.

Remain in the state of Arkansas. Do not go to any seaboard city, whether it is located on the Atlantic or Pacific seacoast. Keep fairly well in the interior of the country.

Avoid large cities. If a revolution takes place, it will not be between capitalists and socialists per se, but will be between the people living in the cities and the people living in the country.—*Address by Roger Babson to the graduating class of the Arkansas State Teachers' College.*

CHECK!

Even the closest supporter of Governor Landon must admit that one of his strongest assets has been the fact that he is not on record one way or another on most current issues. . . . There is nothing incongruous or illogical about a predominantly negative attitude on the part of the Republican standard bearer in the forthcoming campaign.—*From a laudatory editorial on Governor Landon in The New York Journal of Commerce.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Discussing Dr. Beard's Constitution

SIR: Mr. Beard's article in The New Republic for July 22 is going to make a lot of people unnecessarily angry. . . . He is confusing two or three different levels of discourse about cases before the Supreme Court:

1. For the immediate litigants—if this is a *bona fide* fight—the only thing in the Court's opinion that matters is the last sentence: "The judgment of the court below is affirmed" or "reversed and remanded," as the case may be.

2. For the lawyer advising a client or trying to persuade a court to go in one direction or another, the opinion itself becomes of some value; it is indicative, *prima facie,* of the way the court is thinking, of what lines it is likely to take, and so on. More is needed in counsel's education, of course. There is what Llewellyn has called the legal bedside manner. There is knowing something of the court's performance in obliquely similar cases. There is knowing how the tone of an argument addressed to it will strike a response. . . . There is need for a constant awareness that you've got to talk to the court as though it were the same thing it always has been until *it* tells you that, in some respect, it isn't. . . .

3. But there is a third level of discourse. It is Mr. Beard's. It is the discourse of the man who isn't going to use the case but who does want to understand it, the man who wants to know what makes the Court go round. It is proper discourse. But it is hardly that of the technician of the law. Some of it, to be sure—Mr. Beard mentions "Red scares" sixty years ago—might be got together and used in the law schools as material for a casebook in legal argumentation (a nice chaper on "Counsel Through the Ages and How They Made the Court See Red" might be very useful), but that isn't what Mr. Beard means. It is, I take it, good pedagogy to talk to a student in language he can understand; such talk is an imperative if you are addressing a court.

More than this, however, an attitude that has been creeping into public discussion of the Constitution bothers me. Mr. Beard exemplifies it, and a writer in The New Republic on the taxing power of Congress went the same direction a few months ago [Irving Brant in The New Republic of December 4, 1935]. Mr. Beard says:

> Assuming, however, for the purposes of convenience that anybody in the United States really wanted to know something about the Constitution and the Supreme Court, before blowing his bazoo, how would he proceed? There is just one way to proceed. That is to go back to the original sources. . . .

No, Mr. Beard, there is just one way to proceed. That is to go to the present sources. There is the Constitution, the living Constitution—not in Max Farrand's debates, but in the conference room of the new Supreme Court Building.

Mr. Beard's notion that one ought properly to go back to see what the Fathers meant bothers me twice over. In the first place, why the Fathers, particularly? For instance, in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, ought one to go to the draftsman, or to Magna Carta from which some of its phrases were lifted almost bodily, or to the Congress that passed it on to the States, or to the members of the State legislatures that ratified it, or to the people who voted for the members of the State legislatures where there was a contest? The results might well be different, depending on whose ideas you are assessing. To go to the author or the Fathers is, of course, to pick the most vocal and the most unified individual or group. But not necessarily the majority opinion. In any event, Charles A. Beard's technique is exactly that adopted by Marshall, except that it is done from careful research rather than vague memory.

But, in the second place, it strikes me that this is likely to be a double-edged sword that Mr. Beard is wielding. If one is willing to use history to suit one's ends—if, like Jowett's logic, history is a dodge—well and good. It may smack of intellectual dishonesty or at least intellectual hypocrisy to do so, but at least we don't work ourselves into a frenzy trying to get back to the fathers. I don't know what the merits of the argument from history in the dissenting opinion in the Minnesota Mortgage moratorium case are, but the Chief Justice quite properly, I think, shoved them aside and read the contracts clause of the Constitution in the light of the present and said he was doing so in so many words. And certainly, in some of the due-process (the procedural due-process) cases—*Powell v. Alabama* will serve as an example—it would be pretty sad if the Court said that the requirements of the Constitution were met by observing the standards set up by the common law: no right to counsel in a felony case, all the evidence must be presented before the sun goes down the first day, no food for the jury till it agreed, and so on. And it has actually been argued that when the authors of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments used the words "due process" they meant a common law standard. The present situation may be bad, but at least we aren't tied down to a dead document. A back-to-the-literal-Gospel movement such as Luther's may have rid the faithful of some evil, but it certainly loaded others on them.

John R. Commons once described the Court as the world's first authoritative faculty of political economy. One may agree that it isn't, and hope that it will never become, the world's first authoritative faculty of history. That would mean no appeal except to a constitutional amendment if Mr. Beard should ever change his mind.

Washington, D. C. T. RICHARD WITMER.

What the Young Socialists Think

SIR: An editorial in your July 22 issue on the Third American Youth Congress in Cleveland gives an incorrect picture of what took place there. The issue involved in the controversy was whether the Congress should be an instrument for united action of youth and labor organizations on specific issues on which there is agreement, or whether it should be a super-organization, a young "People's Party" calling for unity in the name of the political program of liberalism and illusion.

This is not the first time such a conflict has arisen. But it is the first time that it has appeared in the youth field in such a clear fashion, with the Communists on the side of political liberalism as opposed to the concept of working-class struggle for socialism. . . .

Your statement that "had it [the Congress] adopted the Socialist program [the Congress] would not have agreed on a common position on war and other major political questions" hits the nail on the head. It is quite evident that a Congress which includes supporters of Thomas, Roosevelt, Browder, Lemke and even Landon could not agree on major political issues. . . . But these elements can agree to certain common actions, such as the support of the American Youth Act, a campaign to demilitarize the C.C.C. camps, a petition for the defense of Angelo Herndon, and so forth.

Your statement that the division at the Congress was approximately 1,200 to 25 is simply untrue. It was closer to 800 to 200 or 250, with about 100 to 200 delegates abstaining from voting on most questions because they had no definite convictions. . . .

BEN FISCHER, National Secretary,
Chicago, Ill. Young People's Socialist League of America.

Roosevelt as Psychologist

SIR: Why has President Roosevelt been so timorous in his leadership? Why not speed the process of reducing the social lag?

Well, perhaps he is a better psychologist than his left-wing critics. Perhaps history and experience have taught him how bitter can be the forces of reaction—how they can undo in a short while the slow process of progress. Perhaps he believes that the American public is not psychologically ready for a swift move to the left. It will not accept the integrated program of any "ism" but must stumble along from one improvisation to the next

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until collectivism has virtually sneaked up on us; then it must not be known as collectivism, but "Americanism." Social institutions since the industrial revolution have changed only slowly and clumsily to meet the rapidly changing environment. The changes, in the main, have been the obvious, if not the only, methods of meeting new social conditions. Agitators on the left and "radicals" may have speeded the process of change, but to what extent have they actually retarded it by arousing the animosity of the more conservative elements of our society? Perhaps the President believes that circumstances, rather than radicals, are the best ally of the liberal and progressive movement in America. Such a philosophy hardly squares with the Marxian interpretation. The least that can be said of it is that it *is* a philosophy.

Does the President stand above his critics, armored with some well grounded philosophy? Many an intelligent man would like to know an intelligent answer.

Wessington, S. D. MERWIN CRAWFORD.

The Fallacy of Intelligence Tests

SIR: Mr. Gray's article "Blood Won't Tell" [The New Republic, July 22] really should elaborate on the invalidity of so-called Intelligence Tests. The fallacy of the mean has its counterpart in the fallacy that intelligence tests measure intelligence. The consequences of this latter fallacy spread a cancer through the entire field of what passes as education. Like Don Quixote, I fought the windmill of professors and their classes at the State University of Iowa some years ago on the point that the I. Q. measures information, not intelligence, that it measures retentiveness, not ability to reason, that it measures the cultural level of the parents with only incidental correlation, if any, with intelligence.

Surely it is obvious to anyone except a professor of education that the Alpha and Beta, the Terman, the Simon-Binet and later tests, including those employed in the State University of Iowa, measure only the information that the subject has. Surely it is evident that a child reared in a working man's home will not have the contact with music, books, pictures, nor with the kind of conversation that is likely to prevail in the so-called middle and upper-class homes, some of them anyway, where the subject comes more frequently into contact with the very subject matter of these "jackassical" tests.

The fixed ideas of these pedagogues of pedagogues encourage teachers and would-be teachers and might-have-been teachers to center their attention on grading papers, grading intelligence, on the methods of teaching the subject, rather than on encouraging pupils to become inquiring, skeptical and eager to learn. Is a Master's or Doctor's Degree on some such subject, as "The Correlation of Intelligence and the Four-Square Method of Teaching Arithmetic to Fourth-Grade Pupils with Bow Legs" as important as a teacher who knows his subject and without regard to meticulous methods is able to inspire the youngsters to learn, to reason, to study, for the love of the subject?

Des Moines, Ia. THEODORE KAIN.

The W.P.A. and Russia

SIR: The Massachusetts W. P. A. Adult Recreation Project recently scheduled two talks in Boston about the U.S.S.R. The speaker, who was serving without compensation, is a descendant of Revolutionary soldiers, of a Major General in the United States Army and of a member of Congress, and is not a Communist. The first meeting, one of an international-relations series, upon the topic "Russia's Contribution to Civilization," was canceled because, strangely, in that entire section of the city not a single available hall could be discovered. The second talk, "Glimpsing Russia in Forty Days," was canceled because the W.P.A. found itself unable to provide automobile transportation from one section of Boston to another, and in spite of the fact that the speaker offered to provide the automobile.

The United States government may have recognized Russia, but not the W. P. A. of Massachusetts.

Boston, Mass. MARY ELIZABETH SANGER.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John A. Bovey Jr. writes from Minneapolis that despite the activities of Father Coughlin he does not believe the rumors reported by T. R. B. in The New Republic for July 8 that the Catholic Church is entering politics. He adds that Coughlin's claim that he derives his politics from the social principles of Leo XIII is extremely tenuous, for although that pope favored minimum wage laws and trade unions, he was not interested in currency inflation or "legislative panaceas." Mr. Bovey asks T. R. B. what he thinks of the uncompromising stand of the Dutch bishops who are refusing to administer the sacrament to Nazis in Holland, and remarks that effective opposition to Hitler came from the same quarter. . . . A. B. Magil writes to dispute some points raised in a letter on the same subject by Mason Wade, published in The New Republic for July 29. Mr. Magil thinks a better objection to T. R. B.'s report might be that the Roman Catholic Church has been in politics for years. In reply to Mr. Wade he suggests that the American hierarchy has not been almost unanimous in its condemnation of Coughlin but divided on the question, and points out that the attacks on Coughlin by Cardinals O'Connell and Hayes have stopped at the same time that Coughlin has stopped attacking Morgan and the Liberty League and concentrated his fire on the New Deal, communism and the "international bankers," whose names always turn out to be those of Jews. Mr. Magil denies that Father Coughlin has withdrawn from the leadership of the League for Social Justice, as Mr. Wade said, being still president and treasurer of that organization.

Cyril Clemens informs us that he is writing a biography of A. E. Housman, and asks that any readers who have letters, pictures or other material communicate with him, at the Mark Twain Society, Webster Grove, Missouri.

Dorothy Ways, chairman of the Philadelphia branch of the League of Women Shoppers, asks that any of our readers in that area who are interested in joining the organization get in touch with it at 111 South Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia. It meets regularly in the afternoon of the first Tuesday of every month. . . . Elizabeth Anderson, of the Hollywood League Against Nazism, sends us a pamphlet, "Heil Hitler," which can be obtained from the league at Room 201, 6305 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California.

Gardner Jackson, treasurer of the Washington Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers, Room 522, Transportation Building, Washington, D. C., writes us that the urgent present need of the organizational campaign now going on among five million agricultural workers, including the sharecroppers who recently concluded their strike in Arkansas, is for regular funds. He appeals to all sympathizers to pledge regular contributions to this work and to ask others to do so.

Lloyd A. Willard of Peshtigo, Wisconsin, sends us a plan for the revision of our present economic system based on the extension of our elective system into industry. Employees would elect foremen, foremen would elect department heads, and so on up to a United States Board of Industrial Directors, who would control taxation, research, collective bargaining on hours and wages, and the like. He feels that this centralization would eliminate many present ills, and includes plans for housing, public works, debt cancellations, etc. He would like to hear from someone interested in working out the plan in detail.

What's on the Air?

Resumés of the events of the Olympic Games are broadcast daily from Berlin by both major networks, and specific events are broadcast as they occur.

Professors of the University of Chicago Round Table discussion of current topics. Sunday, August 9, 1 to 1:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Trubee Davison, former Assistant Secretary of War, speaks on "Common Sense and Government," Monday, August 10, 7:45 to 8 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF and WJZ networks in New York State only.

"Vocational Guidance and Adjustment" is discussed by speakers from the Tercentenary session of the Harvard University Summer School. Wednesday, August 12, 5 to 5:15 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The End of a Trilogy

MOST OF the characters in "The Big Money"[1] had been introduced to us in the two earlier novels of the series. Charley Anderson, for example, the wild Swedish boy from the Red River Valley, had first appeared at the end of "The 42nd Parallel," where we saw him drifting over the country from job to job and girl friend to girl friend, then sailing for France as the automobile mechanic of an ambulance section. Now he comes sailing back as a bemedaled aviator, hero and ace. He helps to start an airplane manufacturing company (like Eddie Rickenbacker); he marries a banker's daughter, plunges in the stock market, drinks, loses his grip and gets killed in an automobile accident. Dick Savage, the Harvard esthete of doubtful sex, had appeared in "1919" as an ambulance driver. Now he is an advertising man, first lieutenant of the famous J. Ward Moorehouse in his campaign to popularize patent medicines as an expression of the American spirit, as self-reliance in medication. Eveline Hutchins, who played a small part in both the earlier novels, is now an unhappy middle-aged nymphomaniac. Don Stevens, the radical newspaper man, has become a Communist, a member of the Central Executive Committee after the dissenters have been expelled (and among them poor Ben Compton, who served ten years in Atlanta for fighting the draft). New people also appear: for example, Margo Dowling, a shanty-Irish girl who gets to be a movie actress by sleeping with the right people. Almost all the characters are now tied together by love or business, politics or pure hatred. And except for Mary French, a Colorado girl who half-kills herself working as the secretary of one radical relief organization after another—except for Mary French and poor honest Joe Askew, they have let themselves be caught in the race for easy money and tangible power; they have lost their personal values; they are like empty ships with their seams leaking, ready to go down in the first storm.

Read by itself, as most people will read it, "The Big Money" is the best of Dos Passos' novels, the sharpest and swiftest, the most unified in mood and story. Nobody has to refer to the earlier books in order to understand what is happening in this one. But after turning back to "The 42nd Parallel" and "1919," one feels a new admiration for Dos Passos as an architect of plots and an interweaver of destinies. One learns much more about his problems and the original methods by which he has tried to solve them.

His central problem, of course, was that of writing a collective novel (defined simply as a novel without an individual hero, a novel of which the real protagonist is a social group). In this case the social group is almost the largest possible: it is the United States from the Spanish War to the crash of 1929, a whole nation during thirty years of its history. But a novelist is not a historian dealing with political tendencies or a sociologist reckoning statistical averages. If he undertakes to depict the national life, he has to do so in terms of individual lives, without slighting either one or the other. This double focus, on the social group and on the individual, explains the technical devices that Dos Passos has used in the course of his trilogy.

[1] The Big Money, by John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

It is clear enough that each of these devices has been invented with the purpose of gaining a definite effect, of supplying a quality absent from the narrative passages that form the body of the book. Take the Newsreels as an example of these technical inventions. The narratives have dealt, necessarily, with short-sighted people pursuing their personal aims—and therefore the author intersperses them with passages consisting of newspaper headlines and snatches from popular songs, his purpose being to suggest the general or collective atmosphere of a given period. Or take the brief biographies of prominent Americans. The narrative sections have dealt with people like Charley Anderson and Dick Savage, fairly typical Americans, figures that might have been chosen from a crowd—and therefore the author also gives us life-sketches of Americans who were representative rather than typical, the leaders or rebels of their age.

The third of Dos Passos' technical devices, the Camera Eye, is something of a puzzle and one that I was a long time in solving to my own satisfaction. Obviously the Camera Eye passages are autobiographical, and obviously they are intended to represent the author's stream of consciousness (a fact that explains the lack of capitalization and punctuation). At first it seemed to me that they were completely out of tone with the hard and behavioristic style of the main narrative. But this must have been exactly the reason why Dos Passos introduced them. The hard, simple, behavioristic treatment of the characters has been tending to oversimplify them, to make it seem that they were being approached from the outside—and the author tries to counterbalance this weakness by inserting passages that are written from the inside, passages full of color and warmth and hesitation and little intimate perceptions.

I have heard Dos Passos violently attacked on the ground that all these devices—Newsreels and biographies and the Camera Eye—were presented arbitrarily, without relation to the rest of the novel. This attack is partly justified as regards "The 42nd Parallel," though even in that first novel there is a clearer interrelation than most critics have noted. For instance, the Camera Eye describes the boyhood of a well-to-do lawyer's son and thereby points an artistically desirable contrast with the boyhood of tough little Fainy McCreary. Or again, the biography of Big Bill Haywood is inserted at the moment in the story when Fainy is leaving to help the Wobblies win their strike at Goldfield. Many other examples could be given. But when we come to "1919," connections of this sort are so frequent and obvious that even a careless reader could not miss them; and in "The Big Money" all the technical devices are used to enforce the same mood and the same leading ideas.

Just what are these ideas that Dos Passos is trying to present? . . . The question sounds more portentous than it is in reality. If novels could be reduced each to a single thesis, there would be no reason for writing novels: a few convincing short essays would be all we needed. Obviously any novelist is trying to picture life as it is or was or as he would like it to be. But his ideas are important in so far as they help him to organize the picture (not to mention the important question of their effect on the reader).

In Dos Passos' case, the leading idea is the one implicit in his choice of subject and form: it is the idea that life is collective, that individuals are neither heroes nor villains, that their destiny is controlled by the drift of society as a whole. But in what direction does he believe that American

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society is drifting? This question is more difficult to answer, and the author doesn't give us much direct help. Still, a certain drift or progress or decline can be deduced from the novel as a whole. At the beginning of "The 42nd Parallel" there was a general feeling of hope and restlessness and let's-take-a-chance. A journeyman printer like Fainy McCreary could wander almost anywhere and find a job. A goatish but not unlikable fraud like old Doc Bingham could dream of building a fortune and, what is more, could build it. But at the end of "The Big Money," all this has changed. Competitive capitalism has been transformed into monopoly capitalism; American society has become crystalized and stratified. "Vag"—the nameless young man described in the last three pages of the novel—is waiting at the edge of a concrete highway, his feet aching in broken shoes, his belly tight with hunger. Over his head flies a silver transcontinental plane filled with highly paid executives on their way to the Pacific Coast. The upper class has taken to the air, the lower class to the road; there is no longer any bond between them; they are two nations. And we ourselves, if we choose the side of the defeated nation, are reduced to being foreigners in the land where we were born.

That, I suppose, is the author's thesis, if we reduce it to a bald statement. Dos Passos prefers to keep it in the background, suggesting it time and again. The tone of his last volume is less argumentative than emotional—and indeed, we are likely to remember it as a furious and somber poem, written in a mood of revulsion even more powerful than that which T. S. Eliot expressed in "The Waste Land." Dos Passos loves the old America; he loathes the frozen country that the capitalists have been creating—and when he describes it he makes it seem like an inferno in which Americans true to the older spirit are crushed and broken. But for the hired soldiers of the conquering nation—for J. Ward Moorehouse and Eleanor Stoddard and Dick Savage and all their kind—he reserves an even sharper torture: to be hollow and enameled, to chirp in thin squeaky voices like insects with the pulp of life sucked out of them and nothing but thin poison left in their veins. Rich, empty, frantic, they preside over an icy hell from which Dos Passos sees no hope of our ever escaping.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Uses of Empire

A Place in the Sun, by Grover Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. 250 pages. $2.50.

The Balance Sheet of Imperialism, by Grover Clark. New York: Columbia University Press. 136 pages. $2.75.

WHENEVER it becomes evident to the most credulous that evangelical exhortation is not enough to ensure peace, there arises a school of thought bent on proving that war does not pay anyway. In 1936 the meaning of events is irrefutable. Pacts and conferences and pronouncements of generalities are futile even when sincere, which is seldom. All the pious resolutions taken at Geneva, tongue in cheek, for seventeen years prove that the more words change, in power-politics, the more power-politics remains the same. So a stream of books and articles has begun to flow, laboring the argument that colonies are unnecessary and unprofitable. Parenthetically, it is a sign of progress when liberal peace workers begin to perceive that imperialism is related to war and that trade and raw materials and investments are related to the struggle for imperialistic possessions.

Mr. Clark's two books are part of the stream: the first a discussion of ideas, the second a collection of statistical tables on which the ideas are based. Mr. Clark's thesis is that the value of colonies is a delusion, that the spoils of empire do not pay and, what is more, never have paid. He proceeds to establish the thesis by taking up the three ostensible motives of imperialism: outlet for population, raw materials and trade.

His argument on population is conclusive but overelaborated. It is not necessary to summon long and closely reasoned arguments and complicated statistical calculations to prove that colonies are not outlets for surplus population and that white men will not live in African swamps. On raw materials Mr. Clark is convincing as far as he goes, but he does not go beneath the surface. It is true that no one nation can be assured of a monopoly of all the natural resources of its colonies, since those who own supplies of raw materials will sell wherever they can make a profit. But it is equally true and more important that without conquest and control of the backward areas by the first powers to industrialize (it is no coincidence that they were also the first modern empires), the industrialization of Europe and America would have been seriously retarded. Somebody had to extract the gold, iron, petroleum, nickel, rubber and tin in what became the colonies. The natives were without the technical ability or the desire to do so. The stronger and more efficient nations of the West alone could. They could have done so jointly and without exploitation of the natives, of course, but in an era of political and economic nationalism, with the state as the agent of groups that dominated the national economy and that were actuated only by motives of profit, control had to be by one nation or another—the control of rival imperialisms. But control there had to be or Europe and America would still be today as they were in 1880. By so much colonies did "pay" in the nineteenth century, whatever may be the truth today.

The crux of Mr. Clark's argument relates to trade. In this his judgments are unqualified: the colonial market has always been a delusion. He makes his case by calculating the total trade each empire has had with its colonies and the cost of winning, administering and holding colonies, strikes a balance and finds the cost greater than the gains. Which is pat, satisfying and only half true.

It is demonstrable that today sovereignty over a colony does not ensure exclusive possession of its market. Too many other factors enter—nearness to market, command of credit facilities, productive and mercantile efficiency. The best example is Japan's success in England's India. But even if this be true, it will not mitigate the necessity of getting as near a monopoly as possible through sovereign control and using the power of government to do so—each government using its power in behalf of the nation's commerce and thus producing the kind of national conflict that culminates in war.

To say however that colonies were not profitable in the nineteenth century is to ignore elementary economics. What if the cost of administering and policing India was greater than the total value of India's trade? The economic value of India to England cannot be calculated simply by the volume of the trade with India. This is single-entry bookkeeping, corner-grocery bookkeeping. The textile trade with India provided the surplus capital that financed the development of other industries in England, that gave England the financial command of the world and thus opened up markets elsewhere and built factories elsewhere. Not only England but America benefited from England's control of India. For the surplus profits of Lancashire bought American raw materials, with which more finished products could be man-

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ufactured and sold in India and China and Africa. They also bought the bonds by which the building of the American railways was financed, thus enlarging the American market for British goods. And without political control England could not have got the whole of the Indian textile trade, for only with control could it fix India's tariff to its own advantage—and India's disadvantage.

Rivalry for colonies may not have "paid" in the sense that it foredoomed the modern war system, but not only were colonies an advantage to the possessing countries in the nineteenth century, they were indispensable to an industrialized society resting on private property and functioning by private profit. Imperialism means war, of course, but a true inquiry into the nature of the modern world will ask what it is in the structure of modern society that compels nations to enter on international struggle for colonies in order to keep their society going. Imperialism does not pay, but it is necessary none the less, for the alternative is surrender. The crucial questions in the twentieth century are Why is it necessary? and Must it be?

Naïve demonstrations that virtue is its own reward, when it demonstrably is not in international economic relations, have no bearing on this question. They are only fealty to the liberal tradition that if you picture the world nicer than it is and appeal to men to see the light, balm will fall on the world. And the liberal tradition has been sterile enough these last two decades. Characteristically, having made his scientific diagnosis, what is Mr. Clark's solution of the colonial problem? More mandates and stricter ones. Let the League of Nations have greater power of inspection over mandates. The problem then is solved. What League of Nations? may I ask. And when have there been mandates?

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Is Dirt Cheap?

Soil: The Nation's Basic Heritage, prepared by the Land Grant Colleges and Universities of the Tennessee Valley States Coöperating with the United States Department of Agriculture and the Tennessee Valley Authority. Washington: Government Printing Office. 60 pages. Free on application to the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Department of Agriculture or your own congressman.

"SOIL: THE NATION'S BASIC HERITAGE," is not a book but a shining pamphlet fifty-nine pages long, and a streamlined beauty. It's done by your Government Printing Office; illustrations in photographic black and white run to the full edge; typography is grand, artistic, and with plenty of white space.

Whereas "Little Waters" was IT, this is the printers', the illustrators', the concise writers' dream. Here knowledge fairly calls like a siren. Altogether, there are not more than 5,000 words—from 150 to 200 on the left-hand pages, appropriately illustrated on the right. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations, each covering a scene; three full pages with several illustrations; seven charts; and one map of the Tennessee Valley that will knock your eye out.

The T.V.A. boys have got out some insidious propaganda this time (insidious comes from *insides),* for this is surely going to hit inside the corncrib of the utilities and inside the heart and mind of any person who can read and write or who has sense enough to come in out of the rain.

Its one-page chapters have titles that tell the story. For instance, two titles: "Rich Land, Good Homes," "Poor Soil, Poor Homes." A page and an illustration each. Two stories of the most fundamental importance in two blinks and less than 400 words. In fact the joy of it is that more is told with one page and one illustration than is ordinarily told in dozens of pages and illustrations in the average government publication. In the pamphlet boredom is out: it will satisfy a reader of Liberty. Reading time: 32 minutes. Full digestion, average brain: additional 27 minutes. Total time: 59 minutes. (Complete reading time, average New Republic reader: 58½ minutes.)

All this is in connection with new government publications, which have two ideas: (1) brevity, (2) typography and illustration. No promoters ever got out prettier work, but nearly all these new publications are factually correct, with idealism fairly popping from the printer's ink. The Public Printer, Hon. A. E. Giegengack, gives enthusiastic coöperation and is proud of the good job he's doing.

MAURY MAVERICK.

The Slick and the Dead

Post Stories of 1935. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE JACKET says this collection of the favorite stories of the editors of The Saturday Evening Post is "far more than an anthology of fiction. It is a panorama of America—1935 style." I doubt it, in spite of the fact that "these stories have contributed towards keeping knit together the largest magazine circulation in the world." It does not seem possible that during a year so turbulent as 1935 a true panorama could evade completely all the issues that must have vexed even readers of The Saturday Evening Post. What the jacket should have said, in deference to truth, was that here we have a reflection of a part of the great middle class which turns to romance, history and humor in a pathetic attempt to escape from reality. These stories offer a world of emotion in which no coming to grip with facts is tolerated this side of the last frontier.

The real value of this book lies in the fact that it is an excellent guide for the writer of popular short stories who aims at The Saturday Evening Post. For while the editors disclaim that these are "best" stories, they are nevertheless the editors' favorites, which amounts to the same thing. They run from commonplace whimsy to such snobbish trash as Thomas Beer's amazing account of college life in "Conservation Corps." In between are some well done bits, short stories written to a pattern by masters of their kind. In this latter category I place Stewart Edward White's "The Grampus and the Weasel," Walter D. Edmonds' "Judge," Conrad Richter's "Smoke Over the Prairie," and John P. Marquand's "You Can't Do That." Saturday Evening Post authors seem to excel when they desert the present and give rein to their nostalgic longings for a simpler past. Even then they still extol rugged individualism and berate mass action, as these stories prove.

The nearest approach to realism is the first story, "To Mary with Love," which gives, at great length, a clever surface-picture of middle-class married life during the boom and the depression. Carefully reworked, stripped of its clichés and approached from a more philosophical viewpoint, Richard Sherman's tragic tale might remain in one's memory for some time. But in that case he would not have sold it to The Saturday Evening Post, for it would then have been classed as leftward propaganda by these editorial selectors of some of the subtlest propaganda for the existing order that is being put forth these days.

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER.

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A Novel of Conversion

Summer Will Show, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MISS Warner's new book—on the surface it appears a sudden shift from the airy innuendo of her earlier work—dives deep into the problem of conversion. A good twentieth-century problem, though here the trick is worked by means of the French revolution of 1848, and Sophia as we first see her is a proper young wife and mother of the 1840's. On the last page she is reading "The Communist Manifesto," "obdurately attentive and by degrees absorbed."

There are four stages in this journey, this revolt, you might say, but that implies more consciousness than Sophia brings to the changes in her life. The first is the appearance, in her well managed and aristocratic household, of a young half-caste, the illegitimate son of an uncle. His beauty, and Sophia's love of it, represent the first crack in the casing of convention in which she moves. Later, after the death of her children, there is a night visit to the keeper of a lime-kiln: she will have children again, because she has been taught that children are a woman's life, but the man is class-conscious and repulses her. The third stage, the decisive tearing down of her old way of life, comes in her relationship with her husband's mistress, a Jewish woman who offers "her one flower, liberty," and with it an idle and passionate love of the revolution. And at last, having used Minna and her friends as a crowbar to pry her loose from inherited concepts and routine, Sophia grows beyond them to a new discipline. She carries scrap-iron for bullets, distributes leaflets, fights at the barricades. And so on the last page, with all her new friends dead, she reads the "Manifesto," and it is believable and right. Nothing else would satisfy, no charity or domestic arrangement, because the ex-lady has seen workers shot in the streets and has discovered the difference between charity and justice.

This last step is, of course, a triumph in itself. It is a brazen gesture, in a time of political neuroses, for an author to be so sure of her character's emotional logic that she dares to quote half a page of the "Manifesto" in conclusion. Miss Warner makes the gesture, and it is no freak ending because all doubts, all longing for the comforts of a former belief, have been drawn in imperceptibly and done away with. That the book is so far convincing, that it carries you —by dramatic scenes, and the hypnotic quality of Minna's story-telling, and an air of innocence behind which solid arguments are made or murdered—to the center of one of the most difficult personal questions of this time, is more than enough to make most readers squirm and read on.

But—and here the business of conversion comes back to slap you in the face—the problem remains an individual one. All over Paris the workers are burying or not burying their dead, but the "Manifesto" bears no real relation to them. It has the same importance as the visit to the lime-kiln, and is inevitable because it is the proper medicine for Sophia, because she has come at last to the one thing that will keep her bones from creaking and will keep boredom out of her old age. She is not acting on the world—her distribution of leaflets might have been that, but as written it is only part of her own "fantastic freedom"; she is only choosing which elements of it she will allow to act on her, and that she made a good choice is almost as irrelevant to social upheaval as the conversion of the little missionary in "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." Once an American woman, trying to buy gloves in a crowded Paris department store, asked a floor-walker, *"Ou sont les gens?"* The floor-walker bowed and said, *"Les gens, Madame, sont partout, et tous à vous."* For Sophia the people are everywhere, and all, with their poverty and struggle, are for her benefit. And this, if it were the end of the first chapter instead of the last, might be the story of a true conversion, in which collective activity became something more than the salvation of a private soul.

ELEANOR CLARK.

The Late Werner Hegemann

City-Planning Housing, by Werner Hegemann. New York: Architectural Book Publications. 277 pages. $3.75.

WERNER HEGEMANN died at fifty-five, while his book was on the press. He was one of that gallant band in post-war Germany who, by the intensity and imaginativeness of their efforts, had transformed the face of Germany with housing and city-planning projects, so that it was far ahead of any other capitalist country, and had developed an inspiring sweep and harmony of achievement in the false dawn before the advent of the Nazis. They paid for their courage and their achievements by being exiled or thrown into concentration camps by the Nazis.

In addition to actually executed city-planning and housing projects in Germany and other countries, Hegemann had been a pioneer in organizing city-planning exhibits and had been editor of Stadtbau and other technical publications. He had had much experience in this country also, and at his death was teaching at the New School for Social Research and at Columbia. There is no question that the movement for housing and city planning in this country has lost, with Hegemann's death, a vital force on the particular front where it is weakest. We have a pretty good degree of competence here, but almost totally lack, in these fields, men who understand the deep issues involved and who have the courage to fight for them. As a result we have many conferences, much literature, no deeply joined issues, practically no actual achievement.

The very title of his book is significant: "City-Planning Housing." For years a few have been saying that city planning of itself is sterile, a technical pastime, that it must be linked with and given vitality by housing, and that until both are fought for as basic issues of our civilization, neither can be accomplished. Hegemann goes further: etymologically and factually he identifies city planning with civilization, considers the two co-extensive.

He attacks slums, blight and planlessness as essentially one canker, with full realization of its economic difficulties. He presents a fantastic but deadly accurate picture of our excessive slum "values" and of zoning laws so high, wide and handsome that they would permit the placing of the whole country's population in a relatively few square miles. As a European who has seen much progress abroad, he is amazed at our inaction in the face of these crying absurdities, wonders what has happened to our initiative and pioneering spirit. He goes back to the Constitution itself, and to the actions and statements of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln, showing how boldly and constructively they interpreted the Constitution and their own duties when confronted by similarly vital issues—a salutary and effective rejoinder to the usual reactionary picture of them created by our after-dinner orators. Hegemann shows —even granting that the destruction of slums with an allowance of a fraction of their fictitious "values" does economic injury to real-estate owners who have already fully exploited them—that there is plenty of American precedent: the expropriation of slave-wealth by the Emancipation

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Proclamation, and of the liquor interests' properties by the Prohibition Amendment.

The great value of this book is that it shows planning, public works, housing are not imported ideas but deeply inherent in the tradition of American statesmanship, though completely submerged in recent years.

ALBERT MAYER.

Opera Is What One Makes It

The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1935, by Irving Kolodin. New York: The Oxford University Press. 609 pages. $3.75.

TAKING the retirement of Gatti-Casazza as a point from which to survey and appraise the Metropolitan's past, Mr. Kolodin undertakes to tell what performances were given and what sort they were, as well as the conditions that shaped them. In his selection of material he is influenced by a second purpose—that of making the book a reference book—which leads him to include more details of costs than are necessary and significant for a survey and appraisal, and more than can be read with interest, particularly since they compel him to omit valuable comment that he would otherwise have included. He argues that they constitute the "actual, definite history of the opera company," and that it is his business to tell what happened, not to comment on it. In this case, however, telling what happened includes commenting on it; and he does include such comment. But he does not include all that he should; and as a result we know less of the "actual, definite history" (and relevant to this is the fact that his writing is not the most direct and clear).

However, if the array of bare fact is a weakness it is also an impressive strength, even in the account of the Metropolitan's artistic history, and particularly in the account of its social and financial history. Society and finance have been responsible for the presence of art in the Metropolitan; and there is a belief that this has determined and accounts for the nature, the quality of the art. But consider the facts as Mr. Kolodin tells them. A box at the opera being a sign of social standing, the theatre was built by a number of new millionaires to provide themselves with the boxes they were unable to obtain in the old Academy of Music. This was reflected in the deficiencies of the building for all purposes except that of allowing society to see and be seen. And the first year (1883-84) it was reflected in performances—chiefly of things like "Faust," "Lucia," "Puritani," "Sonnambula"—distinguished only by the singing of the most celebrated and costly artists of the period. But the result being a large deficit, the box-holders turned to something cheaper; and this happened to be a company of German singers, conducted first by Leopold Damrosch and then by Anton Seidl, which was heard (1884-91) in some of the finest, most integrated performances in the Metropolitan's history—among them the first performances of Wagner's "Ring," "Meistersinger" and "Tristan." Performances by an international company followed—some outstanding only for phenomenal aggregations of great singers, some distinguished by other excellences that were due to the participation of Seidl, later of Mahler, and finally of Toscanini. And the deterioration after 1915 was due chiefly to the departure of Toscanini, and the failure to replace him with a man of equal capacities and authority.

Now Toscanini left because the box-holding directors' application of sound business principles to art resulted in conditions under which he could not function—among other things an inadequate, overworked orchestra with which he came into open conflict, and one may say, then, that the directors were responsible for the quality of the performances after 1915. But with a little more resiliency he would have returned when he was offered all the conditions he had contended for, with the title (and presumably the authority) of Artistic Director; and the Metropolitan's record thereafter would have been far different. Also, with a little less resiliency Gatti would have heeded Toscanini's appeal to join him in resisting the directors' petty purse-pinching; and the inglorious record of the Metropolitan thereafter may indeed be ascribed to the inglorious nature of Gatti's character, understanding and taste. Another manager might also have wanted a stable, smooth-running organization, but might not have been satisfied with that; and desiring the best in repertory, singing, playing, conducting, stage-direction, scenic design, he might also have been able to recognize them.

I should say, then, that the decisive factor in the future activities of the Metropolitan will be not, as Mr. Kolodin thinks, their changed basis of support, but Edward Johnson.

B. H. HAGGIN.

Books in Brief

Gunnar's Daughter, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER" lacks the sweeping social background of "Kristin Lavransdatter," having been written in 1909, eleven years before the first parts of the other book appeared. "Gunnar's Daughter" is scarcely less bare than the sagas, and is almost too bare for modern readers, used to more elaboration and projection. The themes and people are not new, though there is occasionally a fresh turning of the material. There is the Icelandic hero Lyot, a doer of great deeds but a man sullen at heart, and there is the towering figure of the Viking woman Vigdis, a heroic woman but crude and narrow beside Kristin. The story has the usual incidents of an old Norse tale, the great deeds, the murders in rage, the revenges and quarrels, and the inevitable wandering over ice-rimmed seas. It is full of dark violence and relieved but little by the humanity of understanding that Sigrid Undset brings to her later work.

But as a story of old Iceland and Norway, it is excellent, effectively bleak and grim in creating the feeling of the time. Now and then it gets a bit stagey, but for the most part it is alive and real and a pleasant relief from fakes: even in conventionalized incidents the people are motivated by psychology rather than expediency, giving the story an inner vigor consistent with the outward vitality of the narrative. Arthur G. Chater's translation is suitable: it does not attempt the bardic chant but contents itself with a plainness that matches the body of the story.

H. T. M.

Give Us This Day, by Louis Zara. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

"Give Us This Day" is the large odyssey of Charles Alexander Brabant, baker of bread, who lives a perplexing life between the staidness of his family and the wantonness of his world. While his family seems complacent in its old, familiar homeliness, there is a strange energy driving Charles from one emotional upheaval to the next until he is finally assimilated into a serious conflict between himself and the gross world. The author turns a disintegrator

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on his characters. The family he lets dissolve in pure human ills. But for Charles, his hero, he reserves a profound restlessness as the ultimate poison. Zara is a solid writer who makes his characters act with a greater meaning than they know. For instance, the family becomes larger than the total of its action: it has a collective honesty and universality that overshadow its surface. Into Charles, Zara has put the sober idiom of his book. Charles is outside the family and above it. He is in the open, warring against the swift world with his simple baker's conscience as the only weapon. The book is important because it is sincere. Without getting sentimental or downright revolutionary it tells a story that makes small lives big and important. It draws an effective picture of middle-class coziness turned into frustration and explains how it happened. The whole thing is simple and frank, like the people with whom it deals.

A. N.

The Spanish Missions of Georgia, by John Tate Lanning. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 336 pages. $3.

It is not known by everyone that the Spanish missions in Georgia outnumbered and lasted longer than those more celebrated in California and the Southwest; nor that a civilization existed there a hundred and fifty years before Oglethorpe. This book by John Tate Lanning is devoted exclusively to the Jesuit and Franciscan background. As to the actual ruins still extant, there is not a great deal of importance, a chapter disposes of them. The record of the book, therefore, concerns the historical and social substance involved, as will be seen by such chapters as "Primitive Races of the Georgia Coast," "The Failure of the Jesuits," "The Organization and Founding of the Franciscan Reductions," "The Interior Missions and the Anglo-Spanish Contest in the Back Country," etc. The book is extensively documented with papers from Spanish, British and American archives.

S. Y.

Contributors

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MARY HEATON VORSE has written a number of books, including "Growing Up," "Men and Steel" and "Strike." Her autobiography, "A Footnote to Folly," was published last winter by Farrar and Rinehart.

LEANE ZUGSMITH is a short-story writer and the author of several novels, the latest of which, "A Time to Remember," will be published in September by Random House.

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The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Harry Thornton Moore, Arthur Nesbitt and Stark Young.

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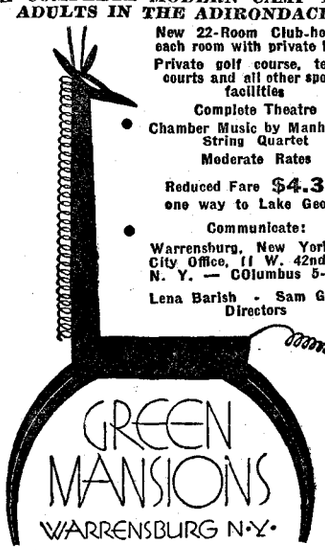

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